

No. 10.

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MODO PONIT ATHENIS.—HORACE.

THE  
MUSICAL

OCTOBER,

MONTHLY

1864.

DRAWING-ROOM  
MISCELLANY.

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BY VINCENT WALLACE.

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ARTHUR HALL, SMART & ALLEN, 25, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.  
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As a general rule, there can be little confidence placed in certificates or commendatory letters, and therefore during a period of several years, while the general reputation of Singer's Sewing Machines was being consolidated, we never published one of the very numerous letters containing expressions of satisfaction and gratitude which we were constantly receiving. The reputation of a good thing, like the genial influence of the sun and rain, is diffused through the community by a general irresistible law. Upon that general favourable character we prefer to sell our machines. In all cases where it is practicable, we advise those who wish to purchase a machine to see and try it. In all cases where it is not practicable, we advise them to see and try it. And particularly when any person is inclined to buy one of our machines, we wish enquiries as to their qualities to be made of some one who has had experience in using them, so that the purchaser will feel entire confidence. No one is imperious to purchase. Our purpose is to sell the BEST MACHINES AT A FAIR PRICE, and endeavour to pay such attention to our customers, that one machine will always be the means of selling another. We are now allowed to mention that a part of the outfit of the Princess Alice, recently married to Prince Louis of Hesse, was one of our Family Machines in full cabinet.



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# The Musical Monthly.

THE MUSIC EDITED BY VINCENT WALLACE.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

OCTOBER 1, 1864.

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## TO OUR READERS.

THE Price of the "MUSICAL MONTHLY" being this month reduced to One Shilling, in order to meet the requirements of the age, now so habituated to shilling magazines, we do not think it out of place to call attention to the substantial value of its contents. We have concluded our arrangements with popular authors for a supply of light literature consonant with the purposes to which the magazine is devoted; whilst our Music, engraved and illustrated in the best style of art, and issued under the supervision of the eminent composer, Mr. VINCENT WALLACE, will form by itself a handsome volume annually, of the best vocal and pianoforte pieces, alone worth more than double the entire price charged for the work. We feel that the "MUSICAL MONTHLY" will compare advantageously with any other periodical publication; and we trust that our efforts to supply a good family magazine, with the speciality of first-class Music, will be rewarded by the continued approval of our readers and the public.

## CHILD OF THE SUN:

A SPANISH ROMANCE,

By HENRY FARNIE,

Author of "Camping-Out," "Pet Marjorie," etc.

## CHAPTER III.

### TWENTY YEARS AFTERWARDS.

It is necessary, before proceeding with our story, to give the reader a concise notion of the political condition of Spain two decades after the events described in the last chapter. Our characters will soon be found intriguing and fighting in the war of the Spanish Succession—as it is called by historians—and our narrative will march with surer step, if its historical surroundings be thoroughly understood.

The first object, after the peace of Ryswick, which engaged the general attention of Europe, was the settlement of the Spanish succession. The declining health of Charles II., a prince who had long been in a languishing condition, and whose death was daily expected, gave new spirit to the intrigues of the competitors for his crown. These competitors were Louis XIV., the Emperor Leopold, and the Elector of Bavaria. Louis and the emperor were in the same degree of consanguinity to Charles, both being grandsons of Philip III. The Dauphin and the emperor's eldest son Joseph, king of the Romans, had therefore a double claim, their mothers being two daughters of Philip IV. The right of birth was in the House of Bourbon, the king and his son the Dauphin being both descended from the eldest daughters of Spain; but the imperial family asserted, in support of their claim, beside the solemn and ratified renunciations of Louis XIII. and XIV. of all title to the Spanish succession, the blood of Maximilian, the common parent of both branches of the house of Austria—the right of male representation. The Elector of Bavaria claimed, as the husband of an archduchess, the only surviving child of the Emperor Leopold, by the Infanta Margaret, second daughter of Philip IV. who had declared her descendants the heirs of his crown, in preference to those of his eldest daughter, Maria Theresa; so that the son of the elector, in default of issue by Charles II. was entitled to the whole Spanish succession, unless the testament of Philip IV. and the renunciation of

Maria Theresa, on her marriage with the French monarch were set aside.

Beside these legal titles to inheritance, the general interests of Europe required that the prince of Bavaria should succeed to the Spanish monarchy. But his two competitors were obstinate in their claims; the elector was unable to contend with either of them; and the king of England, though sufficiently disposed to adopt any measure for preserving the balance of power, was in no condition to begin a new war. From a laudable, but perhaps too violent jealousy of liberty, the English parliament had passed a vote, soon after the peace of Ryswick, for reducing the army to seven thousand men, and these to be native subjects; in consequence of which, when supported by a bill, the king, to his great mortification, was obliged to dismiss even his Dutch guards.

Thus circumstanced, William was ready to listen to any terms calculated to continue the repose of Europe. Louis XIV., though better provided for war, was no less peaceably disposed; and sensible, that any attempt to treat with the emperor would be ineffectual, he proposed to the king of England a partition of the Spanish dominions, at the same time that he sent the Marquis d'Harcourt, as his ambassador to the court of Madrid, with a view of procuring the whole. Leopold also sent an ambassador into Spain, where intrigues were carried high on both sides. The body of the Spanish nation favoured the lineal succession of the House of Bourbon; but the queen, who was a German princess, and who, by means of her creatures, governed both the king and kingdom, supported the pretensions of the emperor; and all the grandees, connected with the court, were in the same interest.

Meanwhile a treaty of partition was signed, through the temporizing policy of William and Louis, by England, Holland, and France. In this treaty it was stipulated, that, on the eventual demise of the king of Spain, his dominions should be divided among the competitors for his crown in the following manner. Spain, her American empire, and the sovereignty of the Netherlands, were assigned to the electoral prince of Bavaria; to the Dauphin, the kingdom of Naples and Sicily, the ports on the Tuscan shore, and the marquisate of Final, in Italy; and on the side of Spain, the province of Guipuscoa, with all the Spanish territories beyond the Pyrenees, on the mountains of Navarre, Alva, and Biscay. To the Archduke Charles, the emperor's second son, was allotted the dukedom of Milan. The king of Spain, however, unexpectedly recovered from his illness, in some degree, and the hopes and fears of Europe were suspended for a time. Meanwhile England and Holland had every reason to be pleased with the will, which was infinitely more favourable to a general balance of power than the partition treaty; but the sudden death of the elector prince of Bavaria, not without strong suspicions of poison, revived all their former apprehensions. Louis and William again negotiated, and a second treaty of partition was privately signed, by England, Holland, and France, notwithstanding the violent remonstrances of the court of Madrid against such a measure. By this treaty, which differed materially from the former, it was agreed, that on the eventual decease of Charles II. without issue, Spain and her American dominions should descend to the Archduke Charles, second son of the emperor; that Naples, Sicily, the marquisate of Final, the towns on the Italian shore, and the province of Guipuscoa, should fall to the share of the Dauphin, together with the duchies of Lorraine and Bar, which their native prince was desired to exchange for the duchy of Milan; and that the county of Binche should remain, as a sovereignty, to the prince of Vaudemont. In the event of the union

of Spain and the imperial crown in the person of one prince, provision was made. That in case of the death of the king of the Romans, the archduke, if raised to that dignity, should not succeed to the Spanish throne. In like manner, it was particularly stipulated, That no Dauphin or king of France should ever wear the crown of Spain; and a secret article provided against the contingency of the emperor's refusing to accede to the treaty, as well as against any difficulties that might arise, in regard to the exchange proposed to the Duke of Lorraine.

Leopold rejected the treaty of partition, because he expected the succession to the whole Spanish monarchy; and though Louis XIV. had signed it, in order to quiet the jealousy of his neighbours, and had engaged, along with the Dauphin, not to accept of any will, testament, or donation contrary to it, he was not without hopes of supplanting the emperor in that rich inheritance. The inclinations of the king of Spain pointed toward the house of Austria; and, enraged at the projected partition of his dominions, he actually nominated the Archduke Charles his universal heir. But the hearts of the Spanish nation were alienated from that house, by the arrogance of the queen and her rapacious German favourites, and the court of Vienna took no care to conciliate their affections. On the other hand, the Marquis d'Harcourt, the French ambassador, by his generosity, affability, and insinuating address, contributed greatly to remove the prejudices entertained by the Spaniards against his nation, and gained a powerful party to his master's interest at the court of Madrid. The Spanish grandees, as a body, were induced to favour the claims of the House of Bourbon; but its best friends were the clergy. Cardinal Portocarrero, Archbishop of Toledo, taking advantage of the superstitious weakness of his sovereign, represented to him that France only could maintain the succession entire; that the House of Austria was feeble and exhausted, and that any prince of that family must owe his chief support to detestable heretics. He advised his Catholic Majesty, however, to consult the Pope on this important subject; and Charles, notwithstanding his sickness, wrote a letter with his own hand, desiring the opinion of that infallible judge. Of a case of conscience, Innocent XII. made an affair of state. He was sensible that the liberties of Italy in a great measure depended upon restraining the power of the House of Austria; he therefore declared, in answer to the devout king, That the laws of Spain, and the welfare of all Christendom, required him to give the preference to the family of Bourbon. The opinion of his Holiness was supported by that of the Spanish clergy; and Charles, thinking the salvation of his soul depended on following their advice, secretly made a will, in which he annulled the renunciations of Maria Theresa, and nominated the Duke of Anjou, second son of the Dauphin, his successor in all his dominions. The preference was given to this young prince, in order to prevent any alarm in Europe at the union of two such powerful monarchies as those of France and Spain; to preserve the Spanish monarchy entire and independent, yet do justice to the rights of blood.

Shortly afterwards in 1700, King Charles II. died, and all the free states on the Continent were thrown into alarm by his will in favour of the House of Bourbon. Louis XIV. seemed at first to hesitate, whether he should accept the will, or adhere to the treaty of partition. By the latter, France would have received a considerable accession of territory, and have had England and Holland for her allies against the emperor; by the former, she would have the glory of giving a master to her ancient rival, and the prospect of directing through him the Spanish councils, at the hazard of having the emperor, England, and Holland



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### TWENTY YEARS AFTERWARDS.

It is necessary, before proceeding with our story, to give the reader a concise notion of the political condition of Spain two decades after the events described in the last chapter. Our characters will soon be found intriguing and fighting in the war of the Spanish Succession—as it is called by historians—and our narrative will march with surer step, if its historical surroundings be thoroughly understood.

The first object, after the peace of Ryswick, which engaged the general attention of Europe, was the settlement of the Spanish succession. The declining health of Charles II., a prince who had long been in a languishing condition, and whose death was daily expected, gave new spirit to the intrigues of the competitors for his crown. These competitors were Louis XIV., the Emperor Leopold, and the Elector of Bavaria. Louis and the emperor were in the same degree of consanguinity to Charles, both being grandsons of Philip III. The Dauphin and the emperor's eldest son Joseph, king of the Romans, had therefore a double claim, their mothers being two daughters of Philip IV. The right of birth was in the House of Bourbon, the king and his son the Dauphin being both descended from the eldest daughters of Spain; but the imperial family asserted, in support of their claim, beside the solemn and ratified renunciations of Louis XIII. and XIV. of all title to the Spanish succession, the blood of Maximilian, the common parent of both branches of the house of Austria—the right of male representation. The Elector of Bavaria claimed, as the husband of an archduchess, the only surviving child of the Emperor Leopold, by the Infanta Margaret, second daughter of Philip IV. who had declared her descendants the heirs of his crown, in preference to those of his eldest daughter, Maria Theresa; so that the son of the elector, in default of issue by Charles II. was entitled to the whole Spanish succession, unless the testament of Philip IV. and the renunciation of

Maria Theresa, on her marriage with the French monarch were set aside.

Beside these legal titles to inheritance, the general interests of Europe required that the prince of Bavaria should succeed to the Spanish monarchy. But his two competitors were obstinate in their claims; the elector was unable to contend with either of them; and the king of England, though sufficiently disposed to adopt any measure for preserving the balance of power, was in no condition to begin a new war. From a laudable, but perhaps too violent jealousy of liberty, the English parliament had passed a vote, soon after the peace of Ryswick, for reducing the army to seven thousand men, and these to be native subjects; in consequence of which, when supported by a bill, the king, to his great mortification, was obliged to dismiss even his Dutch guards.

Thus circumstanced, William was ready to listen to any terms calculated to continue the repose of Europe. Louis XIV., though better provided for war, was no less peaceably disposed; and sensible, that any attempt to treat with the emperor would be ineffectual, he proposed to the king of England a partition of the Spanish dominions, at the same time that he sent the Marquis d'Harcourt, as his ambassador to the court of Madrid, with a view of procuring the whole. Leopold also sent an ambassador into Spain, where intrigues were carried high on both sides. The body of the Spanish nation favoured the lineal succession of the House of Bourbon; but the queen, who was a German princess, and who, by means of her creatures, governed both the king and kingdom, supported the pretensions of the emperor; and all the grandees, connected with the court, were in the same interest.

Meanwhile a treaty of partition was signed, through the temporizing policy of William and Louis, by England, Holland, and France. In this treaty it was stipulated, that, on the eventual demise of the king of Spain, his dominions should be divided among the competitors for his crown in the following manner. Spain, her American empire, and the sovereignty of the Netherlands, were assigned to the electoral prince of Bavaria; to the Dauphin, the kingdom of Naples and Sicily, the ports on the Tuscan shore, and the marquisate of Final, in Italy; and on the side of Spain, the province of Guipuscoa, with all the Spanish territories beyond the Pyrenees, on the mountains of Navarre, Alva, and Biscay. To the Archduke Charles, the emperor's second son, was allotted the dukedom of Milan. The king of Spain, however, unexpectedly recovered from his illness, in some degree, and the hopes and fears of Europe were suspended for a time. Meanwhile England and Holland had every reason to be pleased with the will, which was infinitely more favourable to a general balance of power than the partition treaty; but the sudden death of the elector prince of Bavaria, not without strong suspicions of poison, revived all their former apprehensions. Louis and William again negotiated, and a second treaty of partition was privately signed, by England, Holland, and France, notwithstanding the violent remonstrances of the court of Madrid against such a measure. By this treaty, which differed materially from the former, it was agreed, that on the eventual decease of Charles II. without issue, Spain and her American dominions should descend to the Archduke Charles, second son of the emperor; that Naples, Sicily, the marquisate of Final, the towns on the Italian shore, and the province of Guipuscoa, should fall to the share of the Dauphin, together with the duchies of Lorraine and Bar, which their native prince was desired to exchange for the duchy of Milan; and that the county of Binche should remain, as a sovereignty, to the prince of Vaudemont. In order to prevent the union

of Spain and the imperial crown in the person of one prince, provision was made, That in case of the death of the king of the Romans, the archduke, if raised to that dignity, should not succeed to the Spanish throne. In like manner, it was particularly stipulated, That no Dauphin or king of France should ever wear the crown of Spain; and a secret article provided against the contingency of the emperor's refusing to accede to the treaty, as well as against any difficulties that might arise, in regard to the exchange proposed to the Duke of Lorraine.

Leopold rejected the treaty of partition, because he expected the succession to the whole Spanish monarchy; and though Louis XIV. had signed it, in order to quiet the jealousy of his neighbours, and had engaged, along with the Dauphin, not to accept of any will, testament, or donation contrary to it, he was not without hopes of supplanting the emperor in that rich inheritance. The inclinations of the king of Spain pointed toward the house of Austria; and, enraged at the projected partition of his dominions, he actually nominated the Archduke Charles his universal heir. But the hearts of the Spanish nation were alienated from that house, by the arrogance of the queen and her rapacious German favourites, and the court of Vienna took no care to conciliate their affections. On the other hand, the Marquis d'Harcourt, the French ambassador, by his generosity, affability, and insinuating address, contributed greatly to remove the prejudices entertained by the Spaniards against his nation, and gained a powerful party to his master's interest at the court of Madrid. The Spanish grandees, as a body, were induced to favour the claims of the House of Bourbon; but its best friends were the clergy. Cardinal Portocarrero, Archbishop of Toledo, taking advantage of the superstitious weakness of his sovereign, represented to him that France only could maintain the succession entire; that the House of Austria was feeble and exhausted, and that any prince of that family must owe his chief support to detestable heretics. He advised his Catholic Majesty, however, to consult the Pope on this important subject; and Charles, notwithstanding his sickness, wrote a letter with his own hand, desiring the opinion of that infallible judge. Of a case of conscience, Innocent XII. made an affair of state. He was sensible that the liberties of Italy in a great measure depended upon restraining the power of the House of Austria; he therefore declared, in answer to the devout king, That the laws of Spain, and the welfare of all Christendom, required him to give the preference to the family of Bourbon. The opinion of his Holiness was supported by that of the Spanish clergy; and Charles, thinking the salvation of his soul depended on following their advice, secretly made a will, in which he annulled the renunciations of Maria Theresa, and nominated the Duke of Anjou, second son of the Dauphin, his successor in all his dominions. The preference was given to this young prince, in order to prevent any alarm in Europe at the union of two such powerful monarchies as those of France and Spain; to preserve the Spanish monarchy entire and independent, yet do justice to the rights of blood.

Shortly afterwards in 1700, King Charles II. died, and all the free states on the Continent were thrown into alarm by his will in favour of the House of Bourbon. Louis XIV. seemed at first to hesitate, whether he should accept the will, or adhere to the treaty of partition. By the latter, France would have received a considerable accession of territory, and have had England and Holland for her allies against the emperor; by the former, she would have the glory of giving a master to her ancient rival, and the prospect of directing through him the Spanish councils, at the hazard of having the emperor, England, and Holland



for her enemies. This danger was foreseen; but Louis could not resist the vanity of placing his grandson on the throne of Spain. He accepted the will by the advice of his council; and the Duke of Anjou, with the universal consent of the Spanish nation, was crowned at Madrid, under the name of Philip V.

But Philip was not to enjoy an undisputed right to his crown, even although backed by his kinsman Louis XIV. the most powerful sovereign of his age, and in the year 1704, the contest for the crown of Spain really and vigorously began. The Archduke Charles, accompanied by eight thousand English, and six thousand Dutch troops, was conveyed to the Peninsula in an English fleet, under the command of Sir George Rooke. He landed at Lisbon; and although the Infanta, his betrothed bride, had recently died, he was received with cordial good will by Pedro, and acknowledged as Charles III. of Spain. As much the admiral of Castile did homage to him; and Charles prepared to invade the kingdom he claimed at the head of an army composed of English, Dutch, and Portuguese. He thus presented himself to the Spaniards, not as a rival candidate of their own royal family, but as a foreigner, whom a confederation of their natural enemies, mostly heretics, were striving to force upon them. Nor was the ill effect of this appearance at all compensated by the efficiency of the allied troops he led. Of English and Dutch he had few. The Portuguese were enervated by a long peace; their fortresses were dilapidated, their soldiers undisciplined, their officers ignorant; and their generals, as self-sufficient as they were incapable, quarrelled with the generals of the allies. To crown all, the king of Portugal had fallen into a state of hypochondria, which paralyzed every department of government. On the other hand, Louis XIV. sent to his grandson's assistance a body of French troops, under the command of Marshal Berwick, a natural son of James II., by a sister of Marlborough's, and a general of distinguished ability. The Spaniards were roused by the menace of Portuguese invasion. Troops were assembled upon different points of the frontier. Berwick and his French corps joined the principal army near Alcantara, and Philip placed himself at their head, under the marshal's guidance.

Thus, then, began the famous war of the Spanish Succession, amidst some of the most stirring scenes of which our story will march. In the year 1710, the successes of the rival kings were pretty evenly balanced, and in the summer of that year Philip V. held Madrid in fear and trembling, for, not far asid, the troops of his rival held powerful occupancy of commanding situations and important towns. We must add, too, that the irregular powers of Spain—the guerillas and free companies, that is to say—were in many cases friendly to the pretensions of Charles III., and even round Madrid itself, and on the declivities of the Guadarramas, strong bodies of lawless men hovered like a baleful cloud ready to involve Spain in any ruin that gave them the opportunity to sack and plunder. With this explanation we can more safely and succinctly proceed with our story.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### IN WHICH CAPITAINE PHILIPPE DEBOISSY TURNS ESCRIBANO.

'Twas a fine day of August 1710, when amongst the handful of good Catholics who were leaving the church of San Isidro, the patron saint of Madrid, in which city the action of our story passes—after having performed their morning orisons at his shrine, might have been observed a young officer dressed in the uniform of the French Musketeers of Louis XIV., a monarch who had then, as we shall shortly see, quite as much to say to the affairs of Spain as its king-presumptive (and in part acknowledged) Philip V. Capitaine Philippe Deboissy, for so was the young officer named, was a tall stripling of some twenty-five years, and just the man you would select from a crowd as one that had mind or energy beyond the common run. Good looking as the phrase goes—that is with regular features, well proportioned figure, and dark brown hair, Deboissy's speciality, physically speaking, lay in a restless and flashing eye—that told tales of an untameable spirit and that love of adventure which is the basis of all chivalry, glowing within. As he passed along more than one fair señorita glanced admiringly at him from behind the screen of her abanico. But if Deboissy was calculated to inspire admiration, how much the more was his serving-man

Belisaire calculated to awaken mirth on the part of the passers-by? Poor Belisaire was surely destined by fate to other and more piteous vocations than that of a mousquetaire; but there he was, the fattest, least bellicose of men, equipped in martial guise and tracking his master's steps down a rough street of Madrid, many a weary league from the Faubourg St. Antoine, where he counted kith and kin with several honest and well-to-do *épiciers*. And indeed more than one pair of laughing lips muttered something about "Sancho Panza," a satire which poor Belisaire, whose Spanish was none of the most fluent, did not understand, and therefore could not resent. That there was something troubling the musketeer's mind was sufficiently evident from his compressed lips and elevated eyebrows drawn up in doubt, and thereby discovering a pair of roguish grey eyes, which were occupied in espying a safe way through the *escabrosidad del camino*, for sooth to say the capital of Philip V. was not remarkable for its pavements. These, then, for our purposes, were the most noticeable pair who on that particular morning left the Church of San Isidro. Let us now relate what passed between master and man as they passed down the street.

"Belisaire!" cried the young man whom we called Philippe Deboissy. "Come hither!"

"Well, my Captain?" panted the little stout esquire, with difficulty keeping up with the stride—as reckless as the speech—of his master.

"I am in love, Belisaire!"

"Oh!"

"What—*coquin*—thou dar'st to say, oh?"

"But, my Captain—"

"Belisaire, thou art a fool. I tell thee I am in love. Rejoice, therefore."

How the unlucky Belisaire would have complied with this somewhat peremptory request history hath no means of knowing, for at that moment the *escabrosidad* became so very embarrassing as to pitch the rotund esquire on his nose, to the intense delight of several grave Spaniards, who looked on with a placid satisfaction, merely taking their paper cigars out of their mouths a moment to ejaculate the name of a Patron saint.

"To resume," said Deboissy coolly, without paying the slightest attention to Belisaire's mishap—"I love. Thou wilt find out the lady's name—"

"I? Then Monsieur does not—"

"Know the lady? No, I do not. Therefore—"

"But, my Captain—"

"But again! Incurable. I shall have thee handed over to the Corregidor. Have I to tell thee so often, and yet with no good result in so far as practice is concerned, the duties of a squire? Sirrah, the days of chivalry are past, and thou mayst shelter thyself under the title of servant; but thou shalt not on that plea the less escape thy duties. Attention! First, then, if I love, thou must take an interest in my love. On that rest all thy hopes and chances as an esquire. Second, thou shalt not thyself love, as that might destroy thy interest in mine. Thirdly, thou shalt devote thyself to the death, if need be, in service of my lady love: In finding her out, for example—"

"Oh!"

"Silence, varlet; in making thy way through guards, over walls, ditches—"

"But, monsieur, my figure—my—"

"But, again! By Saint Louis, art thou determined to be locked up for mutiny? Why dost thou have such a figure, then? I shall order my *patrona* that she give thee nought for the next month to eat but *orchata de chufas*,\* and nought to drink but *agua de cebada*†."

"Now, the Calendar and all the Holy Angels forbid!" ejaculated Belisaire, piously.

"Why dost thou then urge thy fatness, villain?" rejoined Captain Philippe. "Now, thou hast made me wander most widely from her—dearest mistress of my heart."

"Whom, monsieur, thou dost not know—"

"Right, right, Belisaire; that remindest me. Whom I do not know; but I have seen her even now."

"Ah—in the church—"

"Thou art brightening, Belisaire; dawn will break presently over thy darkened brain. It was at the church. Whilst thou didst stand outside, with not a thought of religion in thy heart, I was led to enter, and say a prayer for the arms of the king and my own safety in these wars. But, Belisaire, my thoughts fell like *Dædalus* from heaven to earth—for she was there. She is beautiful as a dream, Belisaire. Let me confide in thee."

\* A dish of pig's milk.

† Barley-water.

"Monsieur does me too much honour," remarked Belisaire, doubtfully, and reminiscent of more than one woful scrape that had resulted from beginnings suspiciously similar to this one.

"No—no. I believe thou art honest, faithful, devoted, Belisaire. Therefore I confide in thee. She knelt at prayer, with a foil ugly enough to make any one appear an angel by its side—a *duela* I mean. 'Twas not the first time I had seen her, though where I know not. At one moment I thought I had seen that wonderful light of hair, so different from the invariable ebony of Spanish tresses, Belisaire, in the dances at *San Retiro*; at another, I tried to remember her in the *Galileo* at the theatre. But I cannot give her habitation, as I cannot give her a name." (Pause). "Thou, Belisaire, shall give her both. Thou shalt find out who she is and where she lives."

"But how, my captain?"

"How? It is not esquirely to ask *how*, varlet! But, lest thy wits be not equal to the emergency, I shall help thee. She is still at her devotions, Belisaire. Now, I shall pen a note in my choicest Castilian. (There should be an *escribano* hereabouts, if I remember rightly.) That note thou must give to her, unobserved by the *duelas*, as she leaves the church."

By this time the captain and his squire had reached a quiet little square, into which the steep street leading from the church debouched, and Deboissy paused to look round him.

"At this corner, surely, I have seen the *escribano* sitting—an astute man, Belisaire, who will acquit you of ignorance and grammar, and pen you a quatrain or a challenge for a *peseta*."

"He is not here now, my Captain," said Belisaire, pleased to think that there was no chance now of a billet. "Doubtless the war has ended his trade as it has increased ours."

"Ha, ha! thou speakest like that mad fellow at the Palais Royal in *vandevilles*. Thou dost sparkle, my Belisaire. But if the bird is flown—the owl—the wise brooder—here is his nest, at all events."

And Deboissy strode towards a little booth, formed by a blanket protruding by means of sticks from a dead wall, and forming a sufficiently comfortable seat screened from the sun. Underneath this shelter were a rude wooden bench and desk, where the *escribano*, or public letter-writer, was wont, for so many hours of the day, to write love-letters, and occasionally read others, for cavaliers and damsels whose education had been somewhat trammelled by circumstances.

Now, by one of those providences which are very much like pranks of mischievous elves, the astute and trustworthy Pedro Alvarez, the phoenix of public letter writers and most confidant of confidants, had that very morn taken suddenly ill. "It is but a spasmodic affection," thought Pedro, as he nibbled his pens, "and I'll e'en go home for five minutes or so and take a draught of wine." And so saying, and trade being just then improbable—(ah! Pedro suspected not French romancists in the adjacent street—he quietly trotted round the corner for a cup of Xeres out of the family *bota*. But before he went, Pedro deposited on his desk, *imprimis*, a pair of ponderous silver spectacles which almost conferred a degree on the wearer—and hung up, subsequently, to a nail in the wall, a very learned-looking *sombrero* which he only wore when in the practice of his profession, and an old Salamanca cloak that a student had facetiously made him a present of, and which Pedro donned with the gravity of an entire chapter of bishops. These properties, theatrically speaking, Pedro laid aside at the instigation of the providence in question, and wended his way home in a skull-cap and jerkin, to facilitate locomotion. And he had scarcely got within range of the *bota*, ere the wild musketeer captain lounged toward his sanctum.

"By St. Denis!" cried Deboissy merrily, espying the little wardrobe of the indisposed *escribano*, "people are honest in this city of Madrid. Why, in Paris the *ganjas* would have been possessed of these vestments long ere now. Where can the sage have gone? But it matters not. He has left his pens and paper and ink-horn, and I will e'en indite the billet myself."

"But," remonstrated Belisaire, whose sudden hopes of immunity from the dangerous post of Mercury, were about to be dashed, "but, my captain, the people—the—"

"Ah, right, right," replied the captain, sitting down in the chair of the *escribano*; "thou art the embodiment of wisdom this morning, Belisaire. Thou didst mean that I should put on the spectacles."

"Oh, monsieur, I—"

"And the cloak."

"But if—"

"And the shovel hat. Thou art a treasure, Belisaire. And so, to business. I don't think anybody will interfere with me now. How much mortals are indebted to their tradesmen! Here am I, a poor officer of musketeers, by the grace of Heaven and an old cloak, a most respectable and learned escribano. *Vamos!* as they say here; we shall do! Belisaire, attention! Go round the corner. Keep a vigilant watch. If thou see an angel less her pinions, with a devil in company, let me know—let me know. March."

And Belisaire, with a heavy sigh, disappeared round the corner, with very sore misgivings as to either angels or earthly paradise of any kind where Spanish jealousy and Castilian knives were admissible. Now, whilst Captain Philippe Deboissy is essaying the rude pens and flimsy paper of the missing escribano, and racking his brain contemporaneously for a few sentiments in orthodox Castilian, let us eavesdrop the conversation of two ladies who are at this moment stepping down into the street from that same Church of San Isidro, in which the French officer had expended a little scant devotion according to his own account. The ladies in question were Spaniards, to judge from their dress: but what nation could, with less of prescriptive right than Spain, claim the bright beauty of the younger of the two? She was a Spaniard by her gait,—the gorgeous progression was hers that the Andalusian or Castilian exhibits in every step; but by her hair, her eyes, she was of climes that lay far away to the North. For her tresses were fairly golden, and her glorious eyes melted in a hyacinthine softness that scarce Spaniard *pur sang* knew. Like a beautiful enigma of ethnology she came on the beholder with her Spanish surroundings and almost Saxon traits. Amongst these national surroundings, we may rank the duenna who accompanied her; a swarthy, dark-haired woman, with eyes that had the glare of a wild cat; and resolute hand that grasped a fan (never unfurled) as if it were a weapon of offence. They passed down the steep causeway in earnest conversation, kept up, however, almost under the breath, as if caution prompted them.

"Tis your father's will—and you know he will not be disobeyed," said the duenna.

"Ay de mí!" sighed her companion. "I am weary of this life, if it is to be concerned with such men."

"Such men!" echoed the duenna; "are you not aware that Don Ignacio is heir to one of the old titles of Spain—"

"—And yet he is a traitor—"

"No soldier is a traitor who learns of the enemy; and that is what Don Ignacio does. Think, too, that you hold in your hand, perhaps, a crown and a nation's future. Surely you are not doubtful as to the right?"

"No, no," answered the fair Spaniard, hastily; "and you will see that I am not. But I do not like this Don Ignacio. In the hills, Juana, we learn to read the face of heaven—to anticipate its smiles, and guard against its angry frowns. This man's face is to me a lesser mystery than the changing sky above—and I feel he is as treacherous as a wild cat, and wily as a serpent."

"Es usted muy fino—you are very polite," replied the duenna addressed as Juana, showing in a momentary smile, a row of white glittering teeth; "and what if Don Ignacio be all that you say? What is his power compared to that of Borasco, son of the tempest? No, niña, no—you must not let your own loves or dislikes mingle up in our mission here. There is no such risk for you as that."

"And my father likes not this Don Ignacio de Segura, grandee though he be," broke in the young señorita hastily; else why has he sternly enjoined on him never to come to our house, save he is with us?"

"Your father is jealous of any man, niña. And therefore I take good care to keep you as much indoors as possible, considering we are to watch what the King does. *Madre!* how these gay young sparks of French officers, whom your father so detests, sought to get one glimpse of your face that evening we dined, with De Segura's aid, to penetrate into the Palazzo itself! I was glad, child, to be out of the place."

"Ay! there was one young gallant," replied her companion, abstractedly—"methought I saw him this forenoon at church. But it must have been a fancy."

"Let it be a fancy, Estrella, and nothing more. But we are forgetting all this time your father's message, and Anton only waits (and grumbles too) till we can give him his answer and let him be gone to the hills. We

must let Don Ignacio know, and that before an hour passes."

"And where shall we meet him to get the intelligence my father wants? Not at the house?"

"No. Let me see. There is a side-way leading from the Prado at the *fuentes d'oro*. It is unfrequented, and we will not be observed. Let it be there at sunset."

"And the letter telling him of this?"

"He must get it immediately. Ten words will do—Ah! there is an escribano here. That will save us the trouble of journeying home to get the letter written. The good old man will think it but a love assignation—Ha, ha!"

"And he will make a very grave mistake," rejoined the señorita, called by the poetical name of Estrella, "the Star," as they walked in search of the booth of the supposed escribano.

Now Capitaine Philippe had by this time nibbled his pen satisfactorily; and, as we have already noticed, previous to commencing his amatory effusion, he had thought it just as well to assume the garb of the letter-writer, in case any passer-by should be attracted by the strange spectacle of a military officer seated in the escribano's booth, and should annoy him. Accordingly the gay young Frenchman had induced himself with the well-worn gown, and, displacing his half helmet, covered his flowing locks with the extinguishing sombrero, which used to shroud the real escribano's countenance with an appropriate mystery. So arrayed, it was difficult on a cursory glance to say that it was not the proper letter-writer himself: uniform, lace, sword—all had disappeared under the masque of the student's gown.

"There!" muttered Deboissy, as he surveyed his toilette, "there's not a man in the guard would recognize me were they to pass now. Pah! how this rag is perfumed with garlic! Now for my letter. How shall I begin? Something poetical of course. Stars? Yes, that will do." (Writing) "*Estrella, hermosa y pura—*"

He had got thus far when Belisaire came up very much out of breath, and pointing eloquently with a very fat thumb over his sinister shoulder.

"*Hermosa y pura,*" repeated the Captain, critically, then—"What the million thousand devils are you gaping at!" he thundered at his follower.

"But, Monsieur, the angel—"

"The what?"

"The angel I was to reconnoitre."

"Reconnoitre an angel? Wretch! thou art a base scullion! But what of her? Is it she—"

"—Lady monsieur wishes to know. I am sure of it" (looking behind). "And here she comes, the more by token that Mademoiselle has the other lady, the *dame diabolique*, with her—"

"By the Loves and Graces 'tis she," ejaculated Deboissy, rising and upsetting the bench in his rapture: "and she is coming here, too—"

"Then monsieur will be able to deliver his own letter?"

"Silence, rascal. Stand back, she may wish a touch of my quality, as escribano. Suppose she sees through the trick? How do I look, Belisaire?"

"Perfection. But monsieur's face—"

"Ah, very true; that confounded face."

"Here are spectacles."

"Good! give them to me. There, I can't see through them in the least; but at all events they will act as *grilles* behind which to shelter my youth and innocence. Back, back, and if thou darest to listen, or betray me by look or word, I shall run thee through, like a capon on the spit."

And as the señorita with the flashing hair, and her duenna, drew near, Belisaire gingerly withdrew, and cast not one curious look behind; the while Philippe Deboissy—that artful gallant—bent low over his papers, and awaited with beating heart the first words of his unexpected customers.

#### CHAPTER V.

##### OUR HERO MAKETH A MISTAKE IN A CONFIDANTE.

MADRID, at the time of which we are writing, was emphatically a garrison town. Soldiers were everywhere. They filled the *ventas*, the *posadas*, the *horchaterias*; they were billeted on every family that could not afford to buy exemption; they bivouacked on the Prado; they pitched their tents by the narrow stream of the Manzanares; they conferred, in one word, the aspect of the city. Madrid might yet be more correctly designated a camp than a city in a state of complete defence, for it was not fortified in any way. True, there were certain

gates by which only the city might be entered by the traveller, but these were merely so many barriers for the collection of the *derecho de puertas* or town dues; the frail walls, consisting for the most part of sides of houses, would soon afford to an enemy an hundred modes of ingress quite as accessible as the various gates. In fact, during the War of the Succession no attempt was ever made on one side or the other, to hold Madrid at the risk of sack and spoil by the besiegers. Whenever the arms of Charles III. were triumphant in the provinces, Philip V. quietly gave up his palace to his opponent, and retired to organise his forces elsewhere, and, in return, retaliate. So when the wheel of Fortune made another semi-revolution, and placed the affairs of Philip on the surface, Charles III. followed the policy and footsteps of his rival, and deserted the pleasant capital for the field. The Madrilenos never could tell what would be required on the morrow—whether bluff English troops were to be quartered on them, in right of conquest of Charles III., or the gay French of Philip V. Add to this the divided state of feeling consequent upon the uncertain issue of the struggle, and it will be readily seen that the internal state of the Spanish capital was not one of thorough repose. Whilst Charles III. held the reins of temporary power, the emissaries and partisans of Philip were unceasing in their intrigues, within the very walls of the capital, for the restoration of the ousted king; so, when he was restored, Charles still counted adherents amongst the motley crowds who were supposed to be under his competitor's allegiance. This state of things was perfectly well understood; and well did Philip also know that a strong hate was borne unto him for his French alliance, by the peasantry, who could not be brought to weigh testaments or balance rights of descent, but could very easily appreciate and act upon an hereditary hatred of the French auxiliaries. Thus, however Madrid was under his control in face of his overwhelming force at arms, Philip was well aware that underneath his very palace walls many a knife was bared, and many a trabuco crammed with shot, for the especial behoof of his grandfather's soldiers, and perhaps, of himself; and the astute king was also perfectly cognizant of the peril that lurked in this openly manifested hatred of the peasantry and guerillas. Still, there was no choice left him. He could not dispense with the veteran troops of France, and all that remained in his power was to guard most carefully against the insidious and crafty tactics of his irregular foes. And that was no easy matter. Despite all his vigilance and care, spies, it appeared, broke through his lines of sentries and penetrated the inmost secrets of his councils: and it was almost impossible for him to preserve, without the presence of flying squadrons, communication between his head quarters at Madrid and the various armies afield. Did he order a supply of arms to be sent in from the frontiers to the Royal Arsenal at Madrid? the convoy was waylaid and the chests ransacked by guerillas, adherents of Charles, with the most unflinching accuracy. Did he send a despatch of the last importance to one of his generals, in three cases out of four the messenger scarcely crossed the Manzanares. This exact information as to his most secret counsels and movements surprised and irritated the king, and there were not wanting tongues to whisper pretty loudly of treason in the camp, but where the charge should fall, no one dared to say.

The afternoon of that memorable day in the life of Philippe Deboissy, in which he penned a letter for an unknown Spanish beauty, was a stormy one in council at the Palace of El Buen Retiro. This royal residence, built by Philip IV. at one end of the magnificent Prado, embowered amidst woods, and sheltered in the recesses of undulated ground, was perhaps, the most magnificent palace ever constructed in Spain since the sumptuous days of the Moors. But the rural character of the place—its design as a home of proud estate, a temple of luxury—were somewhat destroyed by the warlike groups that were, day and night, scattered around its precincts. As in that city of canvas that men call a camp, the guards cluster most thickly round the lodge of the general—so in Madrid, the powers of Philip V. lay close and carried round his abode. They were a motley crew that guarded El Buen Retiro; but the strangest were the household troops, for such they seemed to be, who held all the entrances of the palace, and thronged even into the ante-chambers themselves. These were the Valencian levies, a tall, slim, and muscular race, clothed in tunics of coarse white linen, compressed at the waist

with a broad worsted sash, thus conferring somewhat of the appearance on the Valencianos of the Scottish Highlander; and wearing *alpargatas*, or hempen sandals, attached to the ancles by thongs. Other cover for their sturdy legs there was none. But their distinguishing characteristic in point of dress was their woollen plaids—woven in black and white—which served for blanket on the bivouac, and shelter on the march; whilst some, again, wore handsome *mantas*, or blankets, manufactured in gaudy colours, and with ample fringes depending. Their sombre brows were encircled by highly variegated cotton handkerchiefs folded turban-wise. Such was the appearance of the life guard of Philip V.

We have said it had been a stormy morning at the Palace. However serene was the sky without, the political firmament was dark enough with clouds. Everything appeared to be going wrong with the cause of Philip. His armies had been defeated time after time, and, in fact, the enemy was fast closing in on the capital; but worst of all, was the old suspicion of treachery somewhere nigh the throne itself. The King had that day alluded to this more distinctly than on any previous occasion, and the venerable Duc de Vendome, followed by the ill-fated but chivalric Amessaga,—soon to die on the bloody field of Almenara—spoke with the indignation of true patriots against the crawling traitor, if such there was, in their ranks. And, alternately discussing military operations, and denouncing the intestine treachery no one could trace or attribute, the council of war sat late into the afternoon. When it rose, the King retired to his apartment in one of those gloomy moods which, later in his life, deepened into fanaticism, if not despair. His ministers went despondingly to their cabinets, not knowing where to turn for the solution of the knot of policy open enmity and hidden treachery, had together tied; and the various officers, who had been called in to add the wisdom of the sword to that of the brain, returned to their commands, glad to be out of the influence of a King's frowns and diplomats' suspicions. Amongst the latter body—although far from sharing the sentiments we have ascribed to the generality—went forth from the council-chamber Don Ignacio de Segura, captain commanding the Valencia Life-Guard. There was a pre-occupied look about this officer as he stalked away in the direction of his quarters, that told of some brooding difficulty within. Perhaps the fact that, during the session of council, a letter had been handed to him by one of his men on guard with the whispered intelligence that it had been left for him by a lady—and that this letter bore no superscription, and was written in an unfamiliar hand; perhaps all this had something to do with the extreme gravity of the chief officer of the Valencianos. Don Ignacio was one of those typical Spaniards who never contrive to look anything but haughty and morose gentlemen. He was a middle-aged man, tall, robust, stately—and yet, as Estrella said to her duenna, there was evil in his eye that forbade love as it precluded intimacy. As our story proceeds we shall doubtless be able to find a composite reason for Don Ignacio's moroseness and habitual gloom; suffice it to say that at the present moment Estrella's billet (for it was indeed the production of the false escribano that Don Ignacio held in his hand) annoys and perplexes him. The more he looked over its contents, the less he liked the missive. And in this frame of mind he arrived at his lodging, a suite of rooms over the central archway looking on the extensive patio or rather plaza of the palace.

"'Tis very strange," he muttered, as he lit a *cigarro puro* and recommenced a careful study of the letter—"I cannot fathom it at all. 'Tis not her writing; the language is doubtful; the spelling more than doubtful. O'rambo! and there's no address on the back. That might proceed from caution—but it might also happen that this billet was intended for another, and is merely a love assignation. By all the Saints!—if I thought so; let me see—this night at dark, by the path leading from the Fuente d'oro—ha! it may be an assignation. And yet no,—no—it is impossible. That cursed girl causes me more trouble than an entire conclave of ministers half suspicious of my strategy."

So saying, he put the billet carefully away in the heart of his embroidered doublet, and smoked awhile in silence. Then, as if the fumes cleared away the mists that lay about his brain and disclosed the far reaching champagnes of speculative thought, Don Ignacio soliloquised as follows:—

"The crisis cannot be far off, and it is now time to look once more carefully over the board on which I play

the game. The penalty being death if I lose, my anxiety is not unnatural. Let me see, now. Have I calculated the chances of this war rightly? I think so. Everywhere the arms of Charles are at this moment triumphant—and for that success they know best whom to thank. The boasted Berwick cannot hold them, with all the might of Louis, in check. Good. This weak fanatic—this Philip of ours—has scarcely appreciated me. Ho! ho! to think that my ambition rested content with the sword of a captain. My fair kinswoman the widow hath too much influence with King Philip to snit me. She hates me—why, I cannot tell. If I am nearest to the estates of Montemayor, is it my fault? Am I to be shunned because her child was stolen, and her husband murdered by brigands? She wildly hopes the child lives—and the king abets her—and I am kept out of my just and presumptive rights—I, the nearest of kin to the murdered marquis, am told by this woman, his widow, that some day or other her child will turn up, and then that, by the king's decree, the title will be continued in the female line. We shall see. Once let Charles III. rule in Spain, and we shall see—my haughty widow—how long fallow shall lie the estate and titles of the Montemayors. And that time shall come ere long."

Again he paused to relight his cigar. Then he broke out into a rhapsody on the beauty of his correspondent whom, as yet, we only know as Estrella.

"She too hates me. *Vamos!* I know the female heart, and never let it lie to me. And yet I love her. It depends on the issue of the war, whether it will be for her advantage or no. But, by the mass, it will not do to trifle with her now; that father of hers would think no more of walking in here, and denouncing me to the king, than of eating his breakfast. *Paciencia y barajar*—patience and shuffle the cards—'tis a good motto. Meanwhile, lovely Estrella, to-night I shall—ha! footsteps, a knock—*Quien?*"

"A friend," was the answer.

"*Que quieren ustedes?* What do you want?" demanded Don Ignacio angrily, going towards the door, and throwing it open.

"A word with you, that is all," replied Capitaine Philippe Deboissy in his usual off-hand manner, walking, or rather stalking, into the room, and throwing himself down on a cushioned bench. "Give me a cigar, comrade, for I need soothing. Faith! such an adventure!"

Don Ignacio silently handed his visitor a bundle of cigarillos, and waited to hear what further he had to say. He had not to wait long, for Philippe was exactly of the age and temperament to take anybody into his confidence. He will get cured of that impulsive creed by and by, as we shall see. Meanwhile the young man is oppressed with a love affair, and he must confide in the wrong quarter. Another mischievous providence, and the sequel to the escribano's luck.

"You must know, my friend," said Deboissy, "that I have fallen desperately in love with one of your *senoritas*. That is to say, if she is; but I scarcely believe it. Oh! de Segura, she is the dream of a poet more than an example of Spanish loveliness."

"And her name?"

"Ah! there you have me. I do not know her name."

"That's unfortunate."

"So it is. But I have not studied tactics for nothing. I'll find her out—and this very night."

"May you be fortunate! But, *senor*, I do not see what all this has to do with me?"

"Nothing, nothing; but I wished to ask your advice. You see, *amigo*, your Spanish love-making is new to me; and the circumstances of the case are very peculiar, as you'll admit when you have heard what they are."

"Continue."

"*Bien!* know then that for the last month I have been haunted by a beautiful face; but so fleeting was the vision, that I scarcely till to-day realized whether or no it was a phantom's. But this morning, passing by the old church of San Isidro, I was induced—wherefore I know not, for my piety is not my most prominent virtue—to enter. There, Don Ignacio, I saw her. Her beautiful head, only shrouded in part by the black mantilla, was bent in prayer, and her abundant tresses of gold—"

"Ha! tresses of gold?"

"Yes, 'tis strange in this burning land of yours, is it not? There she knelt, and at the night my heart was filled with a rapture not at all heavenly, but rather of earth, my friend. She had a duenna with her, and I

could not accost her, or attract her notice in any way. At last a thought struck me—to retire gently and get a note penned by an escribano, who, I recollected, used to sit in his stall hard by; and this billet I hoped to be able to convey to her in the crowd passing from matins."

"Why, *senor*, you plot with the certainty of an old campaigner;" observed Don Ignacio, whose momentary interest in his collocutor's story seemed to have, by this time, completely vanished.

"Ah—you are complimentary. But I must confess I think I showed some little engineering talent in what followed. I acted on my inspiration, and speedily found myself at the escribano's booth. He was not there."

"That was unlucky."

"On the contrary—but you shall hear. I was determined to write my note, and in order not to attract attention, I put on the cloak, sombrero, and spectacles which the escribano had left behind. Then I began my note, but scarcely had put a phrase of gallantry on the page, when whom do you think I saw wending their way towards my stall?"

"*Hombre!* I know not."

"Why, *amigo*, it was my pretty *incognita*, along with the ugly she-demon, her duenna."

"I trust she did not wish a love-letter indited, *senor?*"

"She did, though. By St. Denis, I never felt my weakness in Spanish, so much as then! Besides, my situation was not pleasant. Would you think it agreeable to have to pen a love-letter for your mistress to a rival?"

"Oh! no!—rival? you have got that length then?"

"Yes! I love her with all my soul, and he who disputes my title will have to make his own good with steel and powder. But I have not told you about the letter: I declare when she spoke to me, and told me she wanted a billet written, I was so nervous, that I nearly dropped the old escribano's spectacles off my nose. It was an appointment with her lover—and as I wrote it, she bending over me the while, like a cluster of rich grapes, and dictating the place, the hour, in her sweet, full tones—by heaven, Don Ignacio, I had almost torn off cloak and sombrero, and told her all my wild love then and there."

"I believe you—and it would have been foolish enough."

"I controlled myself however, although, truth to tell, my manner was rather suspicious, and once or twice I saw the duenna eyeing me with a closer scrutiny than I liked. At last, I finished it. 'To whom,' I asked, 'shall I direct the note?' for you see I was naturally anxious to find out who the fortunate fellow was she asked to meet her. 'To nobody,' she answered, 'I shall take care that it is delivered properly.' 'Shall I sign it for you, *senorita?*' I then asked as a *dernier ressort*, and, after a moment's hesitation, she said—'Si, *senor*, you may put the name 'Estrella.'"

Don Ignacio dashed his half-smoked cigarillo to the ground and started from his seat.

"Estrella—did you say?"

"Ay! and she is the star of girls. I see you catch the interest now."

"And the place—the place I say, *senor*, where this meeting is arranged?"

"Near the *fuelle d'oro* on the Prado—"

"At sunset to-night?"

"At sunset to-night—a good guess, *amigo*. But you are excited. Why, man, what's the matter with you?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing!" said Don Ignacio, reseating himself, although his pale face and trembling hands sufficiently contradicted his assertion; "but your story does interest me. You came for my advice in this matter?"

"Well, partly I did."

"Then you shall have it, *senor*. Do not attempt to go to the rendezvous. Spanish hate is quick—Spanish knives are sure. You have nothing to do with this unknown lady and her lover. Stay at home—"

"—And leave this splendid quarry when fortune has laid me on its track? Never! A woman does not know her own heart—and fair Estrella shall have the option of making a change in the disposal of her affections. I shall go—"

"Fool! be advised, and tempt not your fate. Are you in the custom, *senor*, of always despising advice—"

"Only when I don't like it. And let me add, *Signor Ignacio de Segura*, that a French gentleman is not accustomed to be called 'fool.' I excuse it this time, because it is well meant. Now, *adieu*—and say a prayer for me at dark. Ha! ha!"

And so saying the young officer lounged unto the corridor, singing—

"De Guillaume le conquérant  
Chantons l'historiette,  
Il naïquit, cet illustre enfant  
D'une simple amourette!"

Don Ignacio, left alone, burst into a storm of invective—against fate, the imprudence of Estrella, and the inopportune gallantry of the French musketeer captain. Again he took Estrella's billet from his breast, and the sight seemed to increase his anger.

"Imprudent girl!" he muttered, "and this accounts, then, for the wretched language and indifferent spelling. And she, too, is his day-dream, that he is always raving about. Fool! he little knows that his love is fraught with death to him or to me. A woman cannot be trusted. What if she should by some chance, as strange as this mishap of to-day, take a fancy to this foreigner—what then? Ruin, ruin to me. It shall not be—he must not see her to-night. And yet, it is even now too late; I have no time to warn her, or take measures to prevent him being at the place of assignation. *Malditos!*"

He strode about the room in thought—then opened the heavy lattice that overlooked the front of the palace, where knots of his soldiers were lounging. He singled out one by a gesture, then withdrew and closed the window. A minute later, a heavy step approached the door, and at the command of Don Ignacio, a dark repulsive man entered. He was evidently a descendant of the old Moors in a pretty direct line, so swarthy was his face. His left arm had been amputated at the elbow, and from this circumstance probably arose his name of "El Manco" the Maimed.

"Prepare immediately to go with me. Mantles, masques, and swords. There may be danger. Do you understand?"

"Si, Senor, growled the familiar, evidently well-used to such expeditions.

"I shall wait here. Be quick."

And El Manco retired to make his arrangements. Meanwhile Captain Philippe had returned home, and had said to Belisaire;

"Varlet! fortune hath much in store for thee. To-night thou shalt earn thy first title to the name of Esquire. I have to see a fair damsel this night; thou shalt look on afar off, with hand on hilt, and eyes everywhere."

And Belisaire groaned in spirit.

The night fell dreamily on pinnacle, street and grove. The sparkling fountains in the Prado lost their diamond glitter in the dark. In fine, it was verging on the hour of the rendezvous.

(To be continued.)

#### THE SEA-MEW AND ITS SUMMER HOME.

See, 'mid Heaven's own azure blue,  
Sublimely soars the white sea-mew,  
Tinged with ethereal dye;  
On zephyr's pinion light and soft,  
The beauteous bird is borne aloft  
Like spirit of the sky!

The western rays now bright illumine  
The snow upon its silken plume,  
In colours deep as gold.  
And now, 'tis lost to mortal sight,  
Mingling with things of purest light,  
Too dazzling to behold.

Circling wide through heaven's champaign,  
Silent, the bird descends again  
In many an airy ring,—  
Till, meeting with a kindred throng,  
That from the south now troop along  
On homeward, weary wing,—

It hies away to yonder lake,  
As darts the hind from out the brake  
When evening safety brings;  
Softly as trips the tim'rous hare,  
What time the lark, high in mid-air,  
Her latest vesper sings.

To yonder lake it hies away,  
Whose waves, beneath the evening ray,  
Now bright and brighter glow,—  
A home most meet for bird like thee,  
It will not stain thy purity,  
Nor soil thy virgin snow.

There, buoyant on the lucent tide,  
Like tiny skiff it seems to ride,  
In safety and repose;  
Or, cradled in its rushy nest,  
While all night long, the drowsy west  
Through whispering sedges blows;

And water Nympha, in maiden white,  
With veiled lamps of silv'ry light,  
Dance on the dimpled lake,  
And pale Lobelia bow before  
The small waves rippling to the shore,  
Where they in flashes break.

Too soon shall winter's icy reign  
Send thee an exile to the main,  
To haunt the salt sea-shore,  
But, doomed on distant coasts to roam,  
Absence from thy lov'd summer home  
Will but endear it more.

Thrice welcome, then, thy gleaming wing,  
That greets us in the early spring,  
Ere blooms the primrose bold;  
Adieu! fair bird, of manners mild,  
I've lov'd thee since I was a child,  
I love thee now I'm old.

#### A PARTY TO VESUVIUS.

NAPLES, Monday, 14th September.—Joseph had the carriage all ready at the door by half-past eight this morning. Our first duty was to call at the bankers and get as much Neapolitan money, as would pay our intended journey to Vesuvius and Pæstum, and settle our week's bill at the Hotel, d'Angleterre. We then paid a hurried visit to the Museo Borbonico, where we confined our attention for the short time we had to spare to the frescoes and mosaics taken from Pompeii and Herculaneum. The large mosaic found in Pompeii, representing a battle-piece, was the main object of this hurried visit, and it well repaid our time and trouble. This magnificent work occupies most of the floor of a large hall, and represents, as is believed—for many theories have been started regarding it—the battle at Issus between Alexander and Darius. It was discovered at Pompeii in 1830, and transported to the Museo Borbonico in 1843. We fortunately possess a fine drawing of this most spirited work. We hastened, it being now a little past 10, to our conveyance, and soon were rattling through the streets of Naples, descending to the sea-shore. Joseph, considerably enough, on our route, drove us through the large market-place called after Masaniello, with which we were much struck, as with the lively, rude life which its merchants of small wares led. The road to our grand goal—Vesuvius—lay through the long street which lines the bay from Naples to Resina. Bespeaking a mule and muleteer for C—at this place, we turned our horses, now four in number, towards the left, and began the rough and rugged ascent which led to Vesuvius. On our slow progress up the streets of Resina, Joseph pointed out to us the effects of the great eruption of 1794, which, touching Resina at this point, burnt many houses. Our friends, however, now at Resina had taken advantage of the lava, and had cut out many houses from its mass. The road lay nearly in a straight line, very rough, between vineyards elegantly dressed, where the vines, instead of being stubby-looking raspberry things, were hung from pole to pole, and from chestnut-tree to chestnut-tree, in fairy-like festoons.

As we ascended, the road became much smoother, and, by good engineering, less steep. To ease the horses the men of our party frequently walked, and enjoyed the lovely scene. We were just about to enter the carriage after one of these short climbs, when a very curious beetle arrested our attention. It was a large size—larger than is ever seen in this country. But what so much struck us was the remarkable manner in which it walked backwards, clasping with its great toes, more like a lobster's than anything else, a very large ball, which it continually revolved as it walked. We had heard of this singular habit of some beetles, but were never before fortunate enough to see the performance. On breaking the ball, which was more than half-an-inch in diameter, we found it to consist of ordure, in which were enclosed the eggs of the beetle. By means of the rotation she kept them all equally exposed to the heat of the sun, and so hatched them. On our further journeyings we saw hundreds of instances of the same process, and could therefore sympathise with the ancient Egyptians adopting the beetle, with its ceaseless rolling ball, as an emblem of Eternity. Our friends were much pleased with the demonstration, and all said the Scarabeus on tombs would ever remind them of the beetle-Sisyphus, so earnest and unceasing in rolling his ball up the flank of Vesuvius.

To save a long detour in the carriage, Joseph indicated a short cut for us through a coppice; so leaving C—in the carriage, we all mounted the steep, and shortly

came on a score of labourers enjoying their mid-day siesta. The group and the place made a most charming bit of the picturesque, worthy of Salvator Rosa. We soon reached the Hermitage, and were ushered into an upper room, deliciously cool. A monk brought us as deliciously cool water, which we mingled with our wine. When we descended to the level space in front of the Hermitage, delightfully shaded with trees, we found a very numerous and noisy set of fellows, whom Joseph informed us were the guides and muleteer, all ready to be engaged. We had little thought that so many assistants were required to perform what to us seemed so simple an affair as the ascent of a mountain not higher than our own Ben Nevis. Joseph, however, turned up his eyes and his right hand, and said that the lady required four guides and each gentleman one. So we got C— mounted on the mule, with a trusty-looking guide at its head, and marched on. We soon passed the Observatory, erected here some years ago by the ex-King of Naples to make convenient observations on the phenomena incidental to the proximity of a volcano. It is beautifully situated on the ridge of old volcanic tufa which overlooks the two streams which flowed in 1794, and in former years. After passing the Observatory, we had a fine view of the effects of the great lava streams which had flown just two months previous. This stream came down on the north side of Vesuvius, and passing through the Atrio del Cavallo, extended downwards nearly a quarter of a mile below the Hermitage. We were very much struck with the wavy and corrugated appearance of the surface, like to a sea with a heavy ground swell instantly become frozen. As we were not near enough, and the lava not in motion, we did not obtain the solution until we saw it in motion in the crater. We jogged slowly on through a path rendered very rough and tortuous from the irregularities of the old lavas, and reached the entrance of the Atrio del Cavallo, which divides Vesuvius from Monte Somma. Here the path became so rugged that C— had to dismount; and after walking over the sharp blocks of lava, which look very like large cinders from a bottle-blowing furnace, we halted at the base of the cone. Here we met with one of the Government soldiers fully armed, ready to repel any attacks from the brigands, who sometimes come up the other side of the mountain and levy, not black, but white and yellow mail from the visitors. The guides had also all congregated, and we waited for Joseph to give us the *qui vive*. We soon saw how C— was to ascend the cone, as our eyes alighted on a large, rude arm-chair, securely fastened to long round poles. Had she known how the ascent was to be performed, no persuasion would have induced her to attempt it; so, making light of the matter, and assuring her that it was necessary, and that all ladies did the same, we had her securely lashed to the chair. Four stalwart fellows then got her on their shoulders by the poles, and we commenced the ascent. First went the muleteer, who was the head-guide and director-general, as Joseph returned to the Hermitage to prepare our repast; then four guides, with straps over their shoulders, to each of which we took hold. Briscoe, Taunton, and Russell held on at once, and thought it necessary, or at least less painful, to obtain the aid of the guides in the ascent. This we doubted very much, and would have no assistance until near the summit, when the guide who walked before me became so very pressing that, to quiet him, I took hold of his leathern thong, and very soon came to the conclusion that to one accustomed to climb, the assistance rather tires than aids. In climbing alone up the cone of Vesuvius you choose your own length of step and your foot's resting place; but when a fellow with long legs and longer breath than yours, essays to pull you up, you must move according to his speed, and place your foot at random. We were warned by Joseph that we would be urged to buy wine from a peripatetic purveyor, who always ascends with parties for the benefit of himself and the bearers, and had resolved to profit from his monition; but when we saw the profuse perspiration on the almost naked fellows under C—'s weight, and those who were hauling up the others, our hearts were moved to pity, and we treated them to a couple of bottles and some very suspicious-looking bread. Nor did we think ourselves the worse at this half-way resting-place of two bottles divided among us. Had we tasted the stuff at Naples, we certainly would have ordered the waiter to remove it; but here we found it very acceptable. On reaching the summit, we were all glad to take breath before expressing our sense of the glorious scene which met our gaze.

The mountain was in full blow, and the sound more

awful than loud, as it evidently came from a great depth beneath. The crater is, as near as we could estimate walking round its upper edge, two miles in circumference. It is formed of tufa and small fragments of pumice, all coated with yellow sulphur, which gives it a most unearthly hue. Nearly in the centre of the crater is the vent, a small cone about 60 feet in height, and nearly perpendicular; the angle of repose of the ashes being very high, this vent is continually puffing out smoke and aqueous vapour. Ever and anon a great groan is heard, and out it throws on all sides heated stones. We walked completely round the upper edge of the crater—C—the guide, and myself, taking the lead. As we carefully picked our steps, we found little crevices from which a blue lambent flame sometimes shot up. Coming to a small orifice, not longer or broader than a foot-print, and only three inches deep, our guide showed us an experiment which demonstrated the intensity of the heat at so small a distance beneath the surface; and how, by the non-conducting property of the tufa, we were thus enabled to walk in safety on its surface. Taking a small piece of pumice, he threw it into this small depression, and it took us several attempts to suddenly clutch it before we succeeded from the intensity of the heat at this small depth. Arriving at an abrupt portion of the crater, the guide indicated that we should descend and cross the lava in its yawning abyss. This rather staggered us, as we had to descend nearly 60 feet, and that at an angle of not less than 40 degrees. However, we believed him to be trustworthy, and, taking C—between us, and planting our heels firmly into the warm ashes, we descended without any discomfort into the molten sea of lava. Briscoe, Taunton, Russell, and the peripatetic wine-merchant soon followed. We were all very much awed by the stern scene. It nearly approached to the horrible. We now were walking on lava which had been red and flowing only two days before, and the sensation to the feet was not so hot as to be unpleasant. The appearance of this recent lava is that of the coarsest bottle-glass, wreathed in most fantastic folds. As you walk over it, the outer surface crackles like unsafe ice, and gives for a few moments the impression that you may fall through the crust into the seething cauldron below. But a few hundred steps convince the visitor that the guide knows what he is about, and confidence is restored, and a new sense of pleasure experienced. So much did we now feel at our ease, that our guide indicated a raised mass of the lava, where we might rest. Our purveyor went a few spaces further on, where he saw the lava luminous, and, placing half-a-dozen of eggs, we had them speedily roasted, and a draught of coarse Lacrymæ Christi washed them down very acceptably. As we sat here within a hundred paces of the central vent, it gave a great groan, and threw up an immense shower of large red-hot stones. We found ourselves quite near enough to this unquiet neighbour, as two small fragments fell on C—'s cloak, and left their mark by burning holes in it. This, of course, has added materially to its worth, as she would not now part with it for the best new one in Swan and Edgar's.

As we went nearer the point from whence the lava was flowing, we were able to obtain a solution of the cause producing the corrugated appearance of the lava streams. The motion of the lava being very slow, owing to its viscosity, the outer surface, when cooled, becomes hard as glass; the interior continues long warm and soft, owing to the slow conducting properties of vitrified silicious matter. So it rolls and cools, and would remain stationary, did not a force from behind tend to force the first wave forward. This is done at the expense of fracturing the upper surfaces, and the hard convex barrier in front. Another wave is thus produced, leaving, as it were, the outer mark of the front one behind. This phenomenon we saw beautifully exhibited at the N.E. side of the crater, where the lava was still slowly pouring over the lips of the crater down to the Atrio del Cavallo. At this point the lava was quite luminous, even in face of a fierce blazing sun. The ascent occupied more than an hour; the descent did not occupy more than ten minutes. The guide and myself held C—firmly between us, and, planting our heels in the volcanic dust, we went down with railway speed. Our friends were sooner in the valley than we could manage, because C—'s laughter rather impeded us in the downward race. Arrived in the valley, we got C—fairly set, and we all made haste for the Hermitage, where we hastily resumed the garments we had left in the morning, and were soon in the carriage, rolling down the tortuous road which led on to the railway station at Torre del Greco.

## HAND AND GLOVE.

A CITY NOVELET.

BY L. H. F. DU TERREAUX.

## CHAPTER IV.

## WINE AND MANNER.

It is not a very large land, this of ours; and something less than three miles of street separated the loiterers by London Bridge and Mr. James Orpwood, comfortably apartmented and lolling, with a cigar in his lips, on a sofa.

He was a handsome man and a well-bred man. The consciousness of being so detracted nothing from his handsome face and good breeding, as it displayed itself in the curves of a contemptuous mouth and the droop of heavy, indolent eyes. Indeed, that steady consciousness, which never left him a moment, rather raised than lowered him in the opinion of certain admiring friends, as constituting a part and parcel of what was eulogistically spoken of as Manner. By a happy regulation of tone and temperament Mr. James Orpwood had, before the earth had bored him by twenty-nine monotonous revolutions between his birth and the present time, raised and established a reputation for Manner. It was a kind of patent which he had taken out, and which his admirers were for ever trying to infringe. The patent, however, had been registered in the name of James Orpwood in a sort of social Stationers' Hall. So that when some one enthusiastic disciple of the Orpwood school attempted to shine with more than usual brilliancy, it was customary for the remaining disciples to say—"Ah yes, very nice fellow So-and-So, very good fellow indeed, quite Orpwood's manner." The Orpwood Manner, like a beacon-light on a headland, piloted the small craft into good social harbourage. The Orpwood Manner was a recognised pair of scales, in which the social merits of new comers were weighed, and an examen by which their claims were tested. "Don't care for Such-and-Such," the disciples would remark, "may be good enough, you know, but no Manner." Or—"Think Such-and-Such will do; might introduce him to Orpwood; rather a good Manner."

It was part of the Orpwood Manner, and that part of it which found most favour in those heathen days so far behind our own, to hold that most things in life and death were all right and not worth bothering about. Tedious theories of creed and politics, of philosophy and speculation, were politely wafted away by the Orpwood Manner, as subjects not worthy of trouble at all. The Orpwood Manner accepted the world at its own estimate and was lazily satisfied with that. If the world was worth less than its own estimate of itself, the Orpwood Manner wafted it away with the puff of a finely-flavoured cigar, and dropped it. If the world was worth more than its own estimate of itself, the Orpwood Manner made the discovery with as much gratification as it was gentlemanly to feel. Otherwise, the Manner did not bother itself about this or any other world beyond a tacit belief that it was all right, and an intention to drop it if ever it became all wrong.

For it was consistent with that Manner which gave so much satisfaction to well-bred mortality, that it only recognised what was pretty and agreeable in the dispensation of things. So soon as the dispensation ceased to be pretty and agreeable, the dispensation was to be dropped. Obtrusive acquaintances, who thrust themselves upon the Orpwood Manner, were dropped, and in like fashion were dropped such obtrusive acquaintances as Crime, Poverty, Sin, Suffering, Despair, Disense, Death. The last two were of that pertinacious nature, and were inclined to be so unmanneredly obtrusive, that it was not always found easy to drop them—especially the last. But the Orpwood Manner, when forced to an introduction, compromised the matter with unexceptionably cut mourning and the best-fitting gloves and weepers. Far easier was it to drop troublesome acquaintances like Labour, Charity, Perseverance, Humility, Purity. And the last of these was satisfactorily dropped, cut, shelved and discarded by the Orpwood confraternity.

Something suggestive of the light and airy way of dissipating troubling theories was in the blue smoke of Mr. James Orpwood's cigar, as it rose from the lips of Mr. James Orpwood and curled above the sofa. In the same room (comfortably furnished with the unexceptionable taste of Manner in its bachelorhood) marched solemnly up and down the stout young gentleman with the pluffy face, whom we saw in the earlier part of the day in the neighbourhood of Tooley-street, and who had been called Joe. The stout young gentleman, wearing a gorgeous smoking cap on one side of his head, strolling

up and down the room and diffusing a fragrant air of many scents, looked a happy compromise between Mars and Apollo with an additional tinge of Sir Walter Raleigh. He was smoking a superhumanly odorous cigar.

"Joe," said Mr. James Orpwood indolently, after watching his friend take some thirty or forty turns, "it has been incidentally remarked once or twice in the course of the last eight hours, that this is my birthday."

Joe, silently promenading, pursed up his mouth as though slightly piqued that it was not his birthday too.

"I have noticed it as a rather boring circumstance," continued Orpwood, "that as a fellow gets older, his birthdays occur with unnecessary frequency. It is not very long since I had my last, and here I am, arrived at another."

Feeling this as an implied aspersion on him, Joe answered, "My dear fellow, mine is on Christmas Day. All our family have theirs on Christmas Day, and I wouldn't alter it for worlds."

"No, of course not."

"It was all arranged," said Joe, "and I immediately agreed. My father was born on Christmas Day; my mother was born on Christmas Day; Cyril was born on Christmas Day; so were Vivian, Lillian and Tressilian. Tress wanted to alter it, and I have never forgiven him. I never forgive, Jem; I may overlook, but I never forgive."

"No," observed Orpwood, lazily.

"No. I *neh-ver* forgive. It was very wrong of Tress; *veh-ry* wrong indeed." And Joe whistled softly with an air of deep injustice at the fraternal contravention.

"Ah," remarked Orpwood, after regarding him with a half-smile. "But to return to my own uninteresting individuality. Though I cannot claim the distinction in my family of—of symmetrical generation, yet I fancy we can all of us claim a birthday one day or other, and I have mine just now. I don't by any means want it, I assure you, and if that refractory brother of yours, Tress, is disposed to relieve me of it—"

"No," returned Joe, decisively, "no, Jem, he has his own, and I couldn't allow it."

"Well never mind, it was only a suggestion. Anyhow I don't want it. To have arrived at the idiotically mature age of nine and twenty is in itself bad enough, without having the fact forced on you by obtrusive birthdays."

The dignified Joe, feeling that he had condescended quite sufficiently on any one subject, relapsed into inattention.

"However, being twenty-nine, and having it forced on one by an absurdly affectionate and insipid sister in an epistolary spasm of congratulation, the first duty a fellow owes to society is to make his friends participant in the nuisance through the friendly medium of liquor. Therefore, Joe, I have invited some fellows to a wine."

A considerate pout on Joe's lips acquiesced in the proceeding.

"And the fellows asked have signified their sympathy with a fellow so disastrously situated, and have promised to record their fellow-feeling in a fellow's rooms. And there," exclaimed Mr. James Orpwood hearing a knock at the street door, "is the first fellow or fellows arriving."

Disciple number one of the Orpwood creed and an admiring follower of the Orpwood Manner announced himself as Mr. Devane. Disciple number one had so far successfully infringed the patent as to have engrafted on the Orpwood Manner a Manner of his own, which was one of the most intense seriousness and solemnity on the most ordinary matters of existence.

"My dear Orpwood," said Devane, advancing and shaking hands impressively, "I am so glad of this. I congratulate you, my dear fellow, most sincerely."

The polite Devane, finishing a sentence of italics with an impressive small capitals, turned and congratulated Joe equally seriously.

"Seen any of the fellows?" asked the latter young gentleman.

"I have not seen any of the dear boys for years. I give you my word of honour I have not seen a soul for ages," Devane answered. "But I hope they'll come. I ardently hope they'll come."

Another knock fulfilled the aspiration. Disciple number two, Mr. Chafferson, appeared with disciple number three, Mr. Waddyhouse, provisionally a supporter of the firm and business of Throgmorton of Finch Lane. The humbler disciple, Waddyhouse, officially meek and subordinate as a clerk in Finch Lane,

was ex-officially a follower of the Orpwood Manner, instigated thereto by a paternal curacy in Wiltshire and an aristocratic knowledge of the world of West End. In the present company he was looked upon as facetiously connected with commerce, and the representative of the merchant enterprise of the city.

Mr. Chafferson having congratulated Orpwood, followed by Mr. Waddyhouse, the host asked the latter gentleman how things were getting on east of Temple Bar. To which Mr. Waddyhouse replied that he didn't know, having that day been ill with bronchitis. The suave Devane asking what remedies Mr. Waddyhouse adopted for bronchitis, that invalid responded mostly soda-water and occasionally a dash of sherry. Whereupon Joe added that he found Hungarian wines the best specific for bronchitis, especially for a severe attack in the morning before breakfast, at which time, Joe observed, he was usually nervous and low. And then disciples number four, five, six and seven arrived.

Mr. Owles, Mr. Poodle, Mr. Germanaster. And then Orpwood's landlady, a Scotswoman of the hardest features and the most rigid principles, who enquired "when the gentlemen would be wishing their dinner."

Wishing it as soon as possible, the gentlemen were induced to their seats and placed before a choice banquet prepared by the hands of Mrs. McFadyean herself. Soup of a fragrant and sufficing consistency, etymologised by the McFadyean as "Cockaleekie" and followed by a succession of game and roast and boiled and sweets and fruits, in which not more of the orthodox hairpins and fossil cinders appeared than are consistent with lodging-house economy, ushered in the wine and the sociable unbending; and the disciples began to grow comfortable.

"Nice rooms, Orpwood," said the disciple, Owles. "You and Joe ought to get on very cosily here, now."

"Ye-es," the host returned, "they're not bad, and we don't get on so unpleasantly as a fellow might who had Joe as the part-proprietor. But he's a terrible fellow, Joe, to pull along with."

Joe, thus singled out, shut both eyes in complacency at the description, and laughed as he leant back in his chair.

"For when you share a bedroom with a man, and that man, having laid himself open to a charge of lunacy during the day by various insane proceedings, persists on retiring to rest with a candle, a cigar, a bottle of Madeira, and a volume of poems, all of which articles he draws with him under the clothes until he looks like a convivial Arab: the chances are," said Orpwood, "that your fears are augmented by the reflection that you are not insured, and that no office would reimburse you, even if you were. A principle of insurance, which our friend Waddyhouse may perhaps further elucidate."

"Hear, hear," cried Chafferson. "A few desultory remarks from Waddyhouse on the principles of insurance. Silence for Mr. Waddyhouse!"

Messrs. Owles and Germanaster, mere acolytes in the brotherhood, repeated "Hear, hear," like a chorus.

"The honourable member—or I may say the honourable fellow," Waddyhouse began,—"who asks me for my views of the principles of insurance, requires an impossibility. In the purlieus of Pandemonium (and I need not say I refer to the City) insurance is conducted without any principle whatever."

The chorus, Owles and Germanaster, again cried "Hear, hear," but being interrupted with an "Oh, oh," from Chafferson, amended the cry, and also said "Oh, oh!"

Orpwood rang the bell for hot water, and disposed his leg gracefully on a chair. "Waddyhouse is cynical," he remarked languidly, "and sceptical, which is worse. It is a bad feature in an age of humbug, when people begin to disbelieve in humbug. Humbug is so wrapped up in our nature—beginning with earliest infancy, when a belief in Bogies and Dr. Watts and Busy Bees and all that sort of thing inures us to an existence full of humbug, that—'pon my life I don't like to see a fellow give it up in after years."

"But a fellow doesn't," interposed Chafferson.

"No, a fellow doesn't. The Bogies and Jack the Giant Killer and all that gradually resolves into Epaminondas and the humbug of the classics: and when that wears out, the humbug of falling in love begins. Which is very pleasant, but horribly absurd, you know."

It was the chief point of the Orpwood Manner to treat all the phases, all the feelings and passions of mankind, as so many immense jokes.

"By the way, talking of nonsense it seems you are going in for matrimony, Orpwood," said a disciple.

"At the risk of being set down as a master of humbug, and myself the greatest of all humbugs, I answer yes."

"Rich, pretty, amiable and sensible, of course."

"Pretty, yes; amiability to be tested hereafter; sense not too great, a fact perceptible in her having regarded me. Of her pecuniary attractions, Waddyhouse here perhaps knows more than I do, being intimately connected in mercantile matters with the father over yonder." And he waved a ringed hand eastward.

"Not Throgmorton's girl?" cried the chorus.

"Ye-es, Throgmorton's girl, as that seems the popular manner of designating Miss Throgmorton."

The suave Devane was on his feet in a moment. "My dear boy, I felicitate you most sincerely. It has been the dearest wish of my heart to see you united to that delicious girl. I give you my word I entertain the highest respect for her, I assure you, REALLY."

Up to this the stout young gentleman Joe had listened to the conversation in growing disdain, which had been gradually threatening to turn into a fit of apoplexy. He now rose, put down his cigar, and said, "Well, gentlemen, I am very sorry to leave you, but I must say good bye."

The company looked astonished. "Well but—What's the matter?"

"I'm just off to Glasgow," remarked Joe with an air of superlative cheerfulness. "The coach starts at nine, and it's now ten minutes. Must go."

"Oh nonsense." A general chorus.

"My dear fellows, I got a particular message to-day from Cyril—a private courier. The message said 'Leave town for Glasgow at nine. And I must leave.'"

"Tut, sit down." For Joe was subject to a kind of social epilepsy, which seized him on occasions when he thought insufficient deference was being paid him, and which forced him into remote regions of the land. A fit being imminent at the present crisis, the company proceeded to apply a remedy by treating Joe with extraordinary attention, which had so far the effect of mollifying that hero, that observing, "After all, writing will do just as well," he sank back into his chair and poured a glass of port down his throat by a process which transformed his mouth into a funnel.

And the evening wears on with relay of bottles and their contents, until somebody proposes singing. A succession of four songs with some sixteen choruses brings up the McFadyean in a state of wrathful expostulation on the sacrilege done to a house whose respectability is unimpaired. Then somebody proposes going out. The young blood managing affairs for the demented Throne of England has furnished a brilliant example for all the young blood in the various social grades, and the Orpwood Manner is rather drunk as it sallies from the door. In this it receives the sanction of a more perfect Manner at the Court of St James's. So it strolls along Pall Mall, meeting on its way sundry proprietors of aristocratic young blood, engaged in the constitutional occupation of pulling off door-knockers and upsetting watchmen.

Not to forfeit his claim to be considered a well-bred gentleman, Mr. James Orpwood sets instantly to work at the demolition of knockers and watchmen likewise. A refractory publican in the Haymarket, whose ideas of the privileges of the nobility are loosely constructed, enters a protest to having more than three of his windows broken by the Orpwood disciples, and hints his objection by assaulting one of the number, Mr. Poodle. At this indignity the spirit of Joe waxes wrath, and the refractory publican is knocked into one of his own casks, which has been considerably burst open for his reception. The influx of watchmen having brought temporary disaster but ultimate triumph on the constabulary forces, Mr. James Orpwood and his friends are marched away to a station-house, amid peans of excited females.

In the interrogation at the roundhouse Joe comes out strong. He is an officer in the Guards who has been dining with his brother-officers in the Tower, and the watch have unwarrantably interfered. He has influence in London and he will certainly exert it. The watch are a low ungentlemanly set.

The superintendent-constable is rather awed at Joe's hauteur, and even extenuates the officiousness of his subordinates; and Mr. Orpwood and his friends are incontinently discharged. A slouching figure meeting Waddyhouse on the way out, advances to him straight.

"Waddyhouse."

"What, Goodge?"

"Yes. I was going to see you safe through this;

but I'm glad it's all right. We're old chums, Waddyhouse, though you were always a bit of a highflyer. Come and have a snack or something—a cup of coffee or a taste of brandy: I want to see you on one or two matters, and have a talk. We were always good friends you know."

"You're not the sort of friend I've been in the habit of associating with, you know, Goodge," says Waddyhouse, who is drunk; "but you're a good fellow, dessay. Have some—some—have something to drink."

And one or two of the party—Orpwood among the number—call a cabriolet to drive home. "If I am all right to-morrow," says Mr. Orpwood confidentially to the coach cushions, "I shall go and do virtue in the home of the attractive Whatsername. Lucy? Yes, Lucy. Gad, I had almost forgotten the name of my bride that is to be. Lucy of course. Ho ho! Seem to think I'm slightly gone." And sinks on the coach seat into a sleep which is somewhat heavy for such a perfect gentleman.

#### CHAPTER V.

##### MR. ORPWOOD CONVEYS BAD NEWS.

Every man (and for that matter every woman too) has formed in his own mind some type or model of Beauty. It is matter of congratulation that all the types are not the same: that Aphrodite is as nixed as her parent foam; that there are men who see Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt. Indeed a brow of Egypt ought to be perfection to an Egyptian: why not? We are not all of us Parises and Menelauses, that we should run after that swandown girl of Leda's. Swan's eggs are all very well, and cygnets nice, fair, lovable things, but there are ravens as handsome in their way. It seemed a mistake in those ancients to paint Eros blind. He should have had as many eyes as Argus—to see beauty in a thousand shapes and forms and under every sun.

Now the heroine of this veracious history was of the distinct type of beauty (happily not extinct, despite modern progress) which many termed the unprominent type. She was small, fair and sweet. She was rather stupid. They did not educate their young ladies very highly in those commonplace days, and perhaps the young ladies were all the better for it. Emily Standard's attainments were not above the usual attainments of our mothers and grandmothers, and if she possessed any force of character at all, it was the force of feminine inertia. It was before young ladies, recollect, had taken to Carlyle and botany and professed a questionable fondness for Latin; before they began to long for M.D. diplomas and to edit magazines. Even French was a terra incognita to most of them, for French was the language of the foe, what time the foe was popularly supposed to live on frogs and to possess the frame of an attenuated dancing-master. There were Johanna Southcotes before this and Elizabeth Frys, but they were rarer than our own Emily Faithfulls and Isa Craigs; for Social Science and Section B. were not. When British Associations shall have done their work, and pruders have become proctors and dowagers deans, I question whether woman will be more lovable than in the old days when Eve was a poor silly creature, before the serpent hinted of Section B.

Emily, poor girl, had never heard of Section B, and knew more of knitting than ethnology, and she thought Alfred's letter the finest literature in the world, next perhaps to the Book of Common Prayer, which she had often read with him on Sundays. And receiving one of these letters one particular morning—goodness only knows how many months after it had been written, but the mail had been wrecked twice, and had had two or three tussles with pirates, and one stiffish struggle with a French frigate on its return home—she popped on an enormous bonnet, and put on the most absurd sandals, and tied a big sash under her arms (where her waist was fashionably situated) and tripped down to her dear friend Lucy's, a nymph without crinoline.

She found her dear friend engaged in solving a household problem which had defied the Delectus, and brought trouble and perplexity on a happy home. An evil-disposed milkman, whose contempt for Cocker gave rise to multitudinous arguments whenever he sent in his accounts, had that morning by writing asserted that twopence halfpenny, sixpence three farthings, threepence farthing, and one and sevenpence three farthings, amounted to two and tenpence halfpenny, at compound addition. This proposition—being contested by the Delectus, who had a sort of womanly intuition that it was wrong, but could not say where, and being persisted in by the milkman, who was equally unable to prove it

save by personal persuasion, which was no evidence—had brought the Throgmorton household to a state of anarchy, which threatened to overturn the most conservative rules of mensuration. In such domestic straits it was usual to call in the assistance of the practical Lucy, whose position on such occasions was analogous to that of a Chancellor of the Exchequer when the Budget shows a deficit. And Lucy, plunged in all the intricacies of vulgar fractions, was steering through them with a bold front but a dubious conscience, when the trim yacht Emily suddenly sailed into the troubled waters.

Ah, she was just in time. Would dearest Emily come and help Lucy in this bothering sum?

Dearest Emily, professing the utmost ignorance and abhorrence of all sums, declined even to look at it, and shut her eyes tight at the very idea. So dearest Emily being voted a goose and of no use whatever, the desperate Lucy hit upon an ingenious mode of arriving at an arithmetical result: which was to call all the three farthings pennies, and to take no notice of the one farthing, and to knock something off for the halfpenny, and by this process she arrived at two-and-sixpence, "and something over," which, she cheerfully remarked, didn't matter at all.

That being settled to everybody's satisfaction except the obtuse milkman's, who was dismissed and told to come again, the two young ladies proceeded to run over all the events of the last twenty-four hours, and to recount every overwhelming circumstance that had happened to each since yesterday: the principal one in Emily's history being a paternal present of an Indian shawl with a peculiar pattern, resembling nothing so much as a lot of cornucopias involved in a series of cows' horns and bellpulls.

"For papa is growing so rich, dear, and is making—oh a mint of money, and I am to have a pony, not to mention a copy of all Lord Byron's poems published, and we're to give a party, and I'm making the Rev. Lambe Kuttitz an altar cloth, and I don't know what James will say."

James is the polished Mr. Orpwood, at that moment engaged in breakfasting lightly off a bottle of soda water and wondering how long the boring morning will last.

Emily is not an unsympathising girl, but her face falls at the mention of James, as it usually does. She is not an acute girl, but somehow or other (and the manner of it would be perplexing to no one more than to herself) the urbane James is less opaque to her than he is to most people. She has once in a moment of more than ordinary confidence hinted this to Lucy, or rather suffered Lucy to gather as much from her manner, and the usually placid Lucy roused into a fire of indignation.

"I will not have him doubted," she exclaimed then, "I will not have his worth questioned in my presence, and by a friend of mine. It is sufficient that I love, to place him I love above the shadow of doubt in my own mind and in the expressed opinion of all who love me."

And the timid Emily was quelled but not convinced.

So she did not reply now, and Lucy turned a regular kaleidoscope of small talk, and went off to something else, and called to the judgment-bar the misdemeanours of a sad maidservant.

She had been her favourite maid, Lucy complained, and she, dear, had loaded her with kindness, and if bonnets and cast off shawls could win hearts that Letty's ought to have proved most grateful. But do what she would, Letty was getting incorrigibly impertinent. Absolutely insolent, dear. She had thought of speaking to Mama but she was actually terrified, for Letty had once threatened her with something undefined but no less dreadful, and had talked of exposing somebody. Lucy couldn't guess what she meant, for she Lucy, had done nothing she was sure, that could be exposed, unless it was that she had once gone with the Rev. Lambe Kuttitz to see a poor child with the measles and no mother only an allowance, and had almost caught it—the measles, love, not the allowance. But it couldn't be that, although James didn't know and might be angry. What did Emily think ought to be done to the servant?

Emily, somewhat shocked and altogether sympathetic murmured something about a constable and prison. This suggestion however was ultimately discarded owing to the uncertainty of legal provision. Emily then thought the impertinent creature should be discharged without wages; but this Lucy said was impossible without speaking to Mama, which would involve the exposure, and might be detrimental to the

Rev. Lambe Kuttitz and the measles and the allowance, if nothing worse.

So the invention of Emily proving inadequate to provide for the situation, she philosophically consoled her friend with a belief that it was perhaps all for the best, and would come right eventually, and servants were all alike now-a-days and very wicked creatures only second in criminality to butchers, whom she believed were all enrolled in a conspiring band to endanger the peace of every household.

At that moment, Mr. Orpwood: announced by the hostile Letty.

Mr. Orpwood, easy and elegant in his faultless morning dress, has left his hat and come in the hall, and enters with the self-possession of one who knows the house and family well, and is ever a welcome visitor. The possession of some comfortable hundreds a year—not perhaps amounting to a cool thousand but bordering on the frigidity of that refreshing sum—has made him not the less estimable in the eyes of paternal insurance, and has perhaps smoothened for him the path of true love with Mr. Throgmorton.

He is charmed to find Miss Standard there, and the pleasure is not lessened, though he did not fancy the morning so early.

"How so?" Emily asks.

That so bright a star should yet be visible.

Emily is not much propitiated by the compliment, though Lucy laughs. In fact the gentle Emily is at times apt to be rather brusque with her friend's admirer, and takes no pains to conceal it, save in Lucy's presence. She now takes up a comic piece of embroidery which represents a brilliant blue, green, and red parrot sitting on a purple twig and holding an orange leaf in his beak about as proportionately large as a gig umbrella.

Have the ladies heard the last item of intelligence this morning?

No, the ladies have not.

Mr. Orpwood is not surprised, though bad news travels fast. If he were Miss Standard he would so far take upon himself to alter the pattern as to substitute a violet shade there instead of lavender. Does she not think so? No? Well, Miss Standard's taste is unquestionable, and he gives in. Yes, the news is rather dreadful, he admits; the more so as he knew the poor fellow slightly. A man—in fact a clerk of Mr. Throgmorton's named Waddyhouse—has been found murdered this morning in some slum by the river's side.

Both girls put down their work, and Lucy is very pale. "Oh, James!" she exclaimed, "Why he was a friend of yours, was he not?"

"No, not exactly a friend in the strict sense of the term. Mr. Orpwood knew him, certainly, among other men. In fact he dined in Mr. Orpwood's rooms last night. What a funny bird that is on Miss Standard's work!"

"But—but—oh James, how shocking! Poor Mr. Waddyhouse! What does papa say? When was it found out? Oh how can you talk about it so coldly, James, and the poor man a friend of yours!"

"Why really," says James, glancing critically at his ring and finger nails, "you make no distinction between friend and friend, and I do. However I am heartily sorry for the poor beggar—awfully sorry. I couldn't have felt more cut up, when I heard of it," says James, arranging his cuffs, "than if it had been my brother or anything of that sort."

And in all probability he couldn't.

But the girls are touched, and quite indisposed to take it quietly. Sadly deficient in manner, those unsophisticated simple things!

They press for particulars. Mr. Orpwood's knowledge is chiefly based on rumour, and he cannot be very precise; but he believes the corpse (suffocated as well as bashed about) was found somewhere about the river and on the other side of London Bridge. He parted with Waddyhouse last night—or rather early this morning in—in the neighbourhood of Trafalgar Square. He fancies the murdered man had some money about him—indeed he heard him say so: some money belonging to the firm. He sincerely hopes Mr. Throgmorton will not be a loser by the calamity.

"Oh! that is of little consequence," says Lucy.

Pardon him. Practical business men—Mr. Orpwood is not a practical man himself, but he knows Lucy's papa to be one—practical business men regard things of this sort as of the greatest consequence.

All this time Mr. James Orpwood has been conscious of the eyes of Emily fixed steadily on him. He now looks her in the face and calmly stares her down.

The voice of the Delectus in another part of the house here calls "Lucy!" Lucy, observing that her Mama wants her, and excusing herself to Orpwood, gathers up her work and goes out. Thereupon Emily Standard hastily saying "I'll come too, dear," follows her, as if preferring that to a tête-à-tête with Mr. Orpwood. Who is left alone.

Then a folding door, which leads into a contiguous room opens, and Letty the maidservant steps in to where he is. A bold face is that which confronts him: a bold though handsome face under the jet black hair which grows down on the low—too low forehead. She walks up to the table at which he sits.

"You know something of this murder!"

Mr. Orpwood is somewhat startled, all-possessed though he be. "What do you mean? How dare you?" He says.

"You know something about it!"

"What do you know about it, girl?"

"I overheard you tell them from that room. You were too unconcerned, James Orpwood, and betrayed yourself."

"You will betray yourself, if you continue to be obtrusive, young woman," says Orpwood coolly, "and will get yourself dismissed. Come Letty," he continues more persuasively, "go away from here. If Miss Throgmorton returns you will be found out and there will be a nuisance. Go Letty, go."

"I must speak to you first."

"Any other time, Letty. I can't now. Confound you, you see I can't now."

"When?"

"This evening nine at the usual place, cut away," answers Orpwood hurriedly as a step is heard in the passage.

The girl glides through the folding doors, and Lucy Throgmorton takes her place. "My own dearest, my darling!" he murmurs, and leads her to a sofa.

Oh Orpwood, Orpwood! Knowing what you know, professing what you profess, doing what you do, is there no voice to charge you, not indeed with murder, but with that which is only second to murder in baseness and wrong? Is there nothing in her presence at your side, in her confidence in you, in the blushes that meet your lying vows, that reproaches you in tones louder and more startling than those of the newsman without, shrilly crying to the morning air?

"Second edition. Horrible and mysterious murder at Shad Thames, last night!"

(To be continued.)

## ANACREON'S PIGEON.

(From the Greek.)

Pretty pigeon tell to me  
Whither dost thou fare?  
Dripping unguent on the ground,  
Spreading sweetest fragrance round,  
Pretty pigeon tell to me  
Whither thou dost fare?

I do serve an honest bard,  
Through the air I swim,  
Seeking his Bathyllus fair,  
Lord of love and tyrant rare  
Venus sold me to the bard  
For a little hymn.

I do serve an honest bard  
Hight Anacreon,  
Swiftly to Bathyllus fair  
I these tablets trim do bear,  
Liberty is my reward  
When the task is done.

But the fee I scorn: to be  
A poet's slave is good;  
Why should I possess thin air,  
Barren fields and mountains bare,  
Sitting on a lonely tree  
Pecking scanty food?

Now I eat the sweetest bread  
From my master's hand;  
From his cup the wine I sip,  
On his fingers fine I trip;  
Sweet it is to eat sweet bread  
From a poet's hand.

With soft wing I shadow him,  
And at night I lie  
On his lyre:—but now farewell!  
Stranger, thou hast made me tell  
More, this night, to please thy whim,  
Than a prating pie.

J. S. BLACKIE.

## CHAMBER OPERAS.

Mr. GERMAN REED was the first to introduce this now popular entertainment to the public last year, when he brought out Macfarren's "*Jessy Lea*," at the Gallery of Illustration, Regent Street, London. He has this year produced at the same place a most charming work by Mr. Balfe, entitled "*The Sleeping Queen*," and as the sparkling libretto by Mr. Henry Farnie has been so admirably and effectively set by Mr. Balfe, we think an analysis of the entire work will prove acceptable to our readers.

The "*Sleeping Queen*" is founded on a well-known Spanish incident already dramatised by Scribe. The action is supposed to take place at the Court of Leon, at that indefinite historical period to which our operatic plots—such as the "*Rose of Castille*"—generally belong. The overture is not a pot-pourri of airs from the operetta, but a *caprice* suggested by the title of the work itself. It commences with a languid and dreamily characteristic introduction in D, common time, leading to a well-defined air in the same key, a phrase or two of which we give:—



With this theme, which is subsequently varied in a masterly manner, an episodic fandango to give the *caprice* local colour, the rest of the overture is made up, and the curtain rises on the palace-gardens at Leon. To the left is a wing of the palace—to the right arbours and vistas, and behind, a parapet-walk ascended by a flight of steps. The *Regent*, a crafty old statesman of the *Polonius* school and also an antiquated *Lothario* with a liking for a certain maid-of-honour, *Donna Agnes*—is discovered reading state papers, and by and bye commenting on the very desirable berth he has as *Regent*, in a song—"I'm the *Regent*, I'm the *King*." This is a bold and jocular composition in D common time, with an incidental subject in 6-8 time, in which he describes his political hangers on, and the royal satisfaction he has in refusing or tantalizing them—as the case may be. After this *Donna Agnes* enters and requests a favour of the *Regent*—namely, that he will do something for a *protégé* of hers—a young man, formerly of Leon, but who has been resident in France. This gives occasion for a duet, the words of which we shall give, as in some measure explaining the plot:—

AGNES. I crave a boon, which is in sooth  
Your favour for this humble youth  
Of mine—  
REGENT. Before you have begun  
Rest satisfied, it will be done.  
AGNES. A thousand thanks!  
REGENT. The young man's name?  
AGNES. Philippe d'Aguilar.  
REGENT. I reclaim  
My promise; it shall not be done!  
AGNES. But wherefore so?  
REGENT. He is the son  
Of my most ancient foe,  
Who tried to push me down  
From favour of the crown,  
But down himself did go.  
AGNES. Pity him!  
REGENT. When a rival intervenes,  
I do not know what pity means.

AGNES. And yet I thought  
You cared for me!  
'Twas folly great  
I now can see.  
REGENT. Oh! this is quite *une autre chose*,  
So harken what I now propose.  
AGNES. Go on.  
REGENT. I love you!  
AGNES. So you say.  
REGENT. On bended knees I go—  
AGNES. —Oh pray  
Don't trouble—we'll suppose it done.  
REGENT. Good! kneeling is to me no fun.  
AGNES. I will believe you, if you grant  
My suit; but otherwise, I can't.  
REGENT. Say on! and see if I am loth  
To swear a library on oath.  
AGNES. Well, be it so, my lord, and now  
Repeat the substance of your vow.  
REGENT. "I swear that when by night or day,  
I get this knot of ribbons gay,  
I'll grant, with silent lips and mute,  
Whate'er may be the bearer's suit!"  
AGNES. You swear it?  
REGENT. Do you doubt, fair one? (*tries to kneel*).  
Ah, never mind; suppose it done!  
I swear it, by these brilliant eyes,  
I swear it by the lips I prize,  
And, in return, you vow to meet  
Your foolish lover—don't you, sweet?  
AGNES. On fate and woman's wit I lean,  
For succour from this dreadful bore;  
Once safely through this scrape, I ween,  
I'll never act the patron more.  
REGENT. On me for aid behold her lean,  
I knew she loved me well before;  
Such doting fondness ne'er was seen,  
She loves her patron more and more!

This duo Mr. Balfe has treated with infinite comic power. The long diminuendo passage on the words in *ensemble*,—

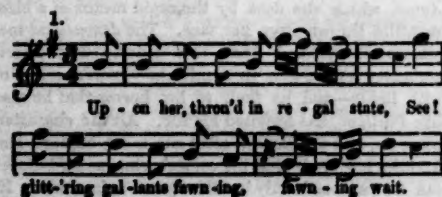
'Twas folly great  
I now can see,  
and  
My power is great  
In love, I see,

is very effective, in contrast with the staccato "admonishing of the oath," immediately succeeding. The *ensemble* in conclusion is a brilliant movement in 3-4 time, full of melody.

The *Regent*, after a little dalliance, then goes off, and *Philippe d'Aguilar* enters in a very dejected state of mind. *Agnes* makes herself his confidante, and gets the story of his distress out of him. It is to the effect that he had a year before saved a young girl's life in France, endangered by a runaway horse, and that this girl turns out to be *Queen of Leon*, who had that day asked her chamberlain, referring to poor *Philippe*, "Who is that man?" And then *Philippe* announces that he will go and fight the Moors, and arranges to die for his ungracious mistress. The *Queen* (Miss D'Este Finlayson) says, at her lattice, "No, you won't;" and *Agnes* urges him to believe in his royal sweetheart, and not to go and do anything foolish. All this is embodied in an exquisite trio, of which we can conscientiously say it is one of the most dramatic, and at the same time melodious concerted pieces, that ever proceeded from Mr. Balfe's pen. It opens with an expressive *andante* of utter disbelief on the part of *Philippe* in the *Queen's* faith. On *Donna Agnes* gently hinting that he does not know anything about it, and that

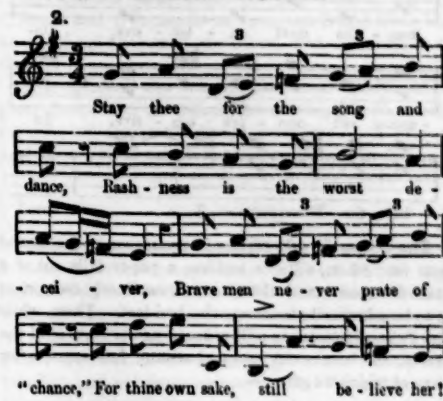
—The *Queen* may brood  
Over his love in solitude,

*Philippe* laughs derisively, and proposes to tell his version. This he does in a graceful melody, beginning thus,—

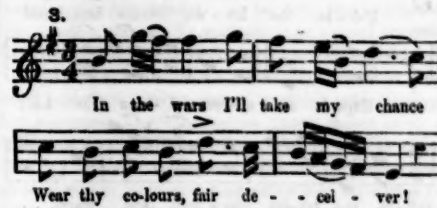


Subsequently the contralto tries to woo him from

danger and despair to such sweet strains as this thoroughly Balfean and catching air:—

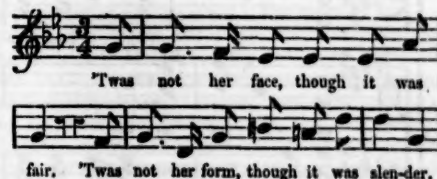


But *Philippe* grows martial, and gives out the leading subject of the *ensemble* both for soprano and tenor, thus:—



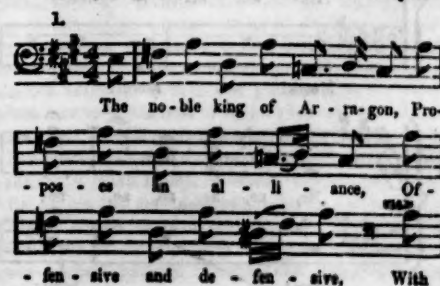
It is impossible to realize, without the entire music, or on a hearing, the consummate effect of this trio. It is most delightful, and will doubtless become exceedingly popular.

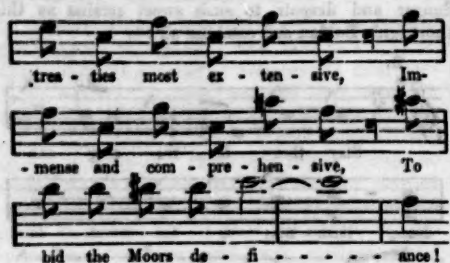
The *Queen* then retires, and *Agnes* begins to use the talisman she has been put in possession of, in virtue of her compact with the *Regent*, and tells the astonished *Philippe* that if he take the knot of ribbons she has detached from her hair to the *Regent* he will get a troop or anything else he will. "But it's only a ribbon!" says the astonished young man. "Ah!" replies the contralto, "ribbons have done wonders in the world's history ere now." And then comes the following ballad, the opening bars of which we give:—



This ballad is one of Mr. Balfe's inspirations. The dramatic change in the music to the last verse is simple but telling. The ballad is sure to become popular.

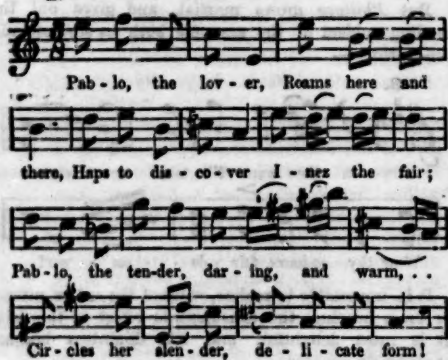
*Agnes* then goes off, and the *Regent* appears on the scene, and has a row with the son of his old foe, but eventually gives in on sight of the magic knot of ribbon, and consoles himself that he can send *Philippe* to a fighting regiment, where the Moors will make short work of him. *Philippe* is too thankful to get his grade, and goes off rejoicingly, and the *Queen* at that juncture enters to the *Regent*. That eminent statesman has state affairs to talk with her, which gives rise to a most laughable duet, "The Treaty." If any proof were needed of Mr. Balfe's extraordinary comic power, the music of this duo for soprano and basso would at once supply it. To give some idea of the strong individuality kept up between the pragmatic old *Regent* and the gay young *Queen*, we append several of the leading motifs. Thus it is that the *Regent* gives out the clauses of the treaty:—





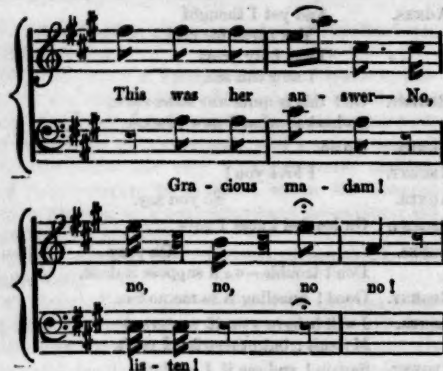
The Queen sleepily replies in recitative, as the Regent gets on; when, all of a sudden, a paper falls out of a state document, and the Queen immediately recognises it to be a favourite fandango she had lost. Then, while the Prime Minister is still rehearsing the clauses of the treaty, she breaks out into a charming fandango, a few bars of which we give:—

2.

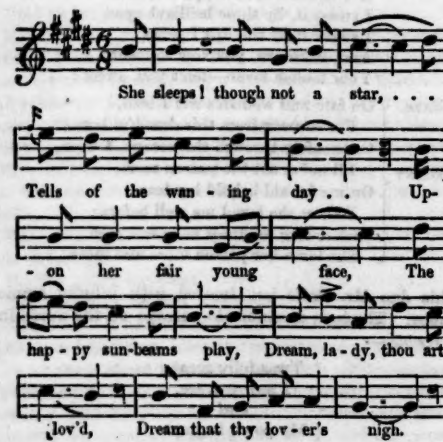


Our musical readers will at once see the ludicrous effect attained by this means, and Mr. Balfe has certainly not missed a point—witness the following passage (major):—

3.



All this is admirable, and on the stage, irresistible. After the duet, the Queen reclines on a rustic bench, and gradually falls asleep. The Regent discovers this, and also that he has forgotten an important letter he wished to show to her majesty, and, going off, gives an entrance to Philippe, dressed as an officer and come to say goodbye to the Donna Agnes. In her stead, however, he sees the "Sleeping Queen," whom he addresses in the following serenade:—



This serenade is one of those airy coinages, the most of which in currency bear Mr. Balfe's imprint, and will be gladly welcomed by every gentleman with a tenor voice and a love for good musical sentiment.

At the conclusion of his song, Philippe cannot resist kissing the Sleeping Queen, which is inopportunistically witnessed by the Regent and Agnes. The Regent first of all goes off to put Philippe under arrest, and Agnes also retires terror struck. The Queen then awakens from a dream of love, and sings a bolero, which has plenty of character about it, but is not destined, we think, to popularity. The Regent and Agnes then re-enter, and the former confronts the Queen with portentous look. The astonished lady asks what is all the matter? This gives rise to a laughable trio, in which the Queen denies she has been kissed, and Agnes also denies to the disgusted Premier that she ever saw the high treason committed.

The plot between the Queen and Agnes, however, is destined not to avail for Philippe's safety, for, as the Regent quietly informs them, he has confessed his guilt to the Privy Council, suddenly assembled to try him, and his sentence is death. There is no escape, and the Regent goes off triumphantly, telling the Queen that Philippe has done a deed not even she can pardon. Whilst the ladies are in this dilemma, the shades of night fall, and cast a light (to be Irish) on the difficulty; for they suddenly remind Agnes that she had promised to meet the Regent, in return for his favour, that very evening at sunset, at the statue of Diana. "Why, 'tis the very time and place," cries the Queen, and immediately falls on a scheme to outwit the Regent. This is simply to personate Agnes, which she does by the rapid means of a black mantilla thrown over her face. The dénouement may almost be guessed from this point. The Regent embraces the Queen in a mistake—guards come on with lights—and he finds to his horror that he also, like Philippe, has forfeited his life. All the characters come on, and the Regent, after one more anxious look into the law, finds that his capital crime and Philippe's can be pardoned only by the Queen's husband. He urges her to marry his friend the King of Arragon—but the Queen has a remedy nearer at hand, and shares

her crown and throne with Philippe, and a melodious duet for soprano and tenor, culminating in one of the subjects repeated in quartet, forms the finale of the operetta.

It will be seen that the Chamber Opera is capable of being executed wherever a cultivated quartet of voices is attainable; and we think that the getting up of such a work (requiring little scenery or stage appliances, or even dispensing with them altogether) would form a pleasing variation on the ordinary musical studies of the family circle.

## THE LOST STAR.

I.

With white hair streaming upon the wind,  
And straining his weary eye,  
An old man sat in his ivied tow'r,  
And gazed on the midnight sky:  
Like a shepherd he counteth his starry flock  
Astray on the azure plain;  
"Ah me!" he cried, "for the star that is gone  
Was fairer than all that remain.  
It had a light none other gave;  
I knew its sheen upon the wave:  
Than all the rest more lovely far  
Wert thou unto my soul, Lost Star!"

II.

Not alone did that old man count the hours,  
From falling of night till morn;  
In her desolate chamber a maiden sat,  
And wept for her fate forlorn.  
She, too, had to sigh for a vanished light,  
Treasured all lights above;  
One star was all that the maiden knew,  
And it fell from her heav'n of love!  
And still she murmured to the wave,  
"Fled are the happy dreams life gave;  
And oh! my path lies dark and far,  
Without thy light of love, Lost Star!"

H. F.

## THE BRIDAL OF HEYWOOD.

### CHAPTER I.

ONE bright morning in the "leafy month of June" I was sitting at breakfast in my rooms in —'s Inn meditating on the faithlessness of purveyors of food, that subject being too prominently brought before me by the most obtrusively bad egg I ever had the misfortune to meet with. Thus occupied, my meditations were agreeably disturbed by the entrance of my special friend and crony Ernest London, who burst into the room, seemingly in a state of great excitement, for before even saying "Good morning" or taking off his hat, he thrust a couple of letters into my hand, saying, "There, read those."

"Most certainly," I said. "But have you breakfasted, or will you have some lunch?"

"Not just now. Read the letters." And he began pacing the room impatiently.

I did so; but they shall speak for themselves. The first was from a distant relation, Sir Edward Heywood, of Heywood Hall, and was written from that place—

"Heywood, June 4th, 18—.

"My dear Sir,—May we have the pleasure of your company here on the 6th, to aid us in some little festivities? You will be glad to hear that I have consented to my dear daughter's union with Mr. John Stoneyman, of Radford, which will take place on the 20th of this month, or thereabouts. We hope you will stay till that time. Make my compliments to Mr. Eliot, and say we shall be very glad to see him with you.

"I am, yours very sincerely,

"Ernest London, Esq." "EDWARD H. HEYWOOD.

Not a very long letter, but one that nearly took my breath away. Alice Heywood going to be married—Ernest's little sweetheart! the wee thing he had played with in childhood, and, I knew, loved now in manhood so dearly. Alice, too, returned his love; and although nothing had been said on the subject, I knew Sir Edward's consent was to be asked as soon as ever Ernest, who was a rising engineer, was in a position to do so. Who was Mr. Stoneyman? I had never heard the name before, though a frequent visitor at Heywood. I turned to the other letter for some elucidation of the mystery. It was from Alice.

"Dearest Ernest,—You will receive with this papa's invitation to Heywood; do come, I want you very much. Ever yours, A."

A tiny little note. I should rather think she *did* want him, considering if he did not stop the proceedings, she was to be married to another man in a fortnight.

I turned to Ernest, who was striding up and down the room furiously, and simply stared; I was too much astonished to speak. He stopped in his walk, and said—

"Well, Bob."

"Well," I said.

"What's to be done?"

"Go down to Heywood; and the sooner the better. This must be stopped. At least I fancy you'll think so."

"Of course I do, by Jove! But it's no use swearing or making a row about it; when shall we start—by the 12-50 train?"

"Thank you," I said; "but as my things won't come home from the wash till four o'clock at the earliest, we'll make it six."

"Oh, bother your things!"

"Just as you please," I said, meekly; "but flannel shirts are hardly the things for evening dress. I'll wait. You can go first, if you choose."

"Very well; I shall expect you to-night. Give me the letters, and good-bye for the present, old fellow." He seized them, and was away down the wooden stairs like a lunatic: and indeed I dare say he felt very like one.

I filled a pipe, and had a quiet smoke over the matter. It looked very ugly from every point of view: I knew Sir Edward was obstinacy incarnate, and although very fond of Ernest, would never allow any such absurd consideration as love between him and Alice to interfere with any wealthy match. He was just the sort of old gentleman who would sell his daughter with all possible courtesy and kindness, bless her with paternal grace, and make the neatest of speeches at the wedding breakfast. I knew Mr. Stoneyman must be wealthy, having often heard Sir Edward's views as to his daughter's settlement in life, over our claret at Heywood, whilst the said daughter was walking in very tender juxtaposition to Ernest in the garden; he always slipped out directly Alice did, leaving me to entertain the old gentleman, an easy task when the claret was so good and Sir Edward did all the talking himself. I think he never dreamt of any love-passages between Ernest and his daughter; he left him out of any mental enumeration of probable wooers, on account of his poverty, although, as I have said, his prospects were very good. The Heywood property, I should have mentioned, was strictly entailed, the eldest son being oddly enough a lieutenant in the navy, who was expected home in time for the wedding. This sailor, Tom Heywood, was a firm friend of Ernest's, and as proud as Lucifer, and I knew we might count on his powerful support against his sister's marriage with Mr. Stoneyman, if that gentleman turned out, as I expected, a rich nobody.

But my pipe came to an end, and I began making preparations for following Ernest down to Heywood; these were very soon completed, and in a few hours I found myself whirling along the Great Western, my thoughts still occupied with the momentous question, *who* would marry Alice Heywood?

I arrived at the hall just as Ernest and Sir Edward were going into the smoking room to have a final cigar before bed. The Baronet welcomed me very cordially, and he and Ernest seemed upon the best possible terms with each other. The old man had evidently not the least conception of the storm which I believed awaited all of us, when Ernest should declare his love and beard Mr. Stoneyman.

But I have neglected Heywood Hall most shamefully, and must give some little description of it. It was a fine old house, the greater part of it Elizabethan, with some more modern wings added by Sir Edward's father, I believe, standing in a fine undulating park well wooded with clumps of trees, and intersected by a pretty stream, famous in the country for its trout, being strictly preserved. Away to the left of the hall, at one corner of the park extended the belt of covers which Sir Edward looked after as jealously as a miser his gold, almost doing the work of a gamekeeper himself sometimes, in his eagerness that they should be well stocked with game. He was rewarded for his pains by battues at Christmas, that made neighbouring proprietors very envious of his sport, and a shooting invitation to Heywood an honour not to be lightly esteemed. Many famous men had

trod those preserves, a Prime Minister had killed his birds at yonder cover-side as skilfully as he defeated the Opposition a few weeks afterwards, and the head gamekeeper grew rich with innumerable "tips" all through the season. The stud of horses also at Heywood was very fine, for although Sir Edward was far too keen a game-preserved to take much interest in hunting himself, he liked to see such of his friends as cared for the sport well mounted. Lady Heywood had been dead many years, and for some time Alice had presided over her father's establishment; but now, as we have heard, he was speedily to be deprived of her. I have said that I arrived just at bed-time, and Sir Edward, Ernest, and I had a pleasant chat in the smoking-room that evening, chiefly about the coming of Mr. Stoneyman, who was expected next day. I could see that notwithstanding all Sir Edward said in his favour, he did not like his future son-in-law half so much as he wished us to believe, and I augured well for Ernest from this fact. Of course we learnt all about this wealthy wooer, for wealthy he proved to be indeed, having an indefinite number of mills in Radford, and considerable house property beside—not to mention shares in half the railway companies in the kingdom. He was a self-made man, whose ancestors had been, Sir Edward said, respectable; and he looked, as he said the word, very much as if he would much rather have said "disreputable," for I dare say it would have been nearer the truth.

On coming down to breakfast next morning I found the millionaire had arrived, absurdly early I believe, but he looked like a man who could get up at untimely hours. Alice was there, and welcomed me very kindly. She looked very pretty in her light morning dress, and seemed from her manner to dislike her future husband as much as could be wished. As Mr. Stoneyman has come, it will be well that I should describe him. He was about fifty; slightly bald, with foxy hair and scanty whiskers, eyes that were rather grown up, a stooping figure, and a harsh discordant voice. Certainly not a pleasant man to look at. But although the gem was not a very rare one, the setting was positively dazzling; the intense solvency of his clothes and linen produced an instant impression on you, they looked so very new, so ponderously good, so glossy and smooth, that I mentally speculated as to who was the fortunate tailor he patronised. His watch chain too was so heavy and solid, that I really wondered how he carried it about, and his breast-pin was a perfect sunlight. No man except so eminent a pillar of the commercial world would have dared to humiliate his friends by such obtrusively expensive apparel.

I was duly introduced to this solvent suitor, who favoured me with one of the most contemptuous bows I ever had the pleasure to receive, a piece of politeness I made up my mind to return with interest as soon as possible. He evidently thought a litterateur something like a crossing-sweeper, to be rewarded in bad weather with small coins. I sat down to breakfast, and was in the middle of a pleasant conversation with Alice and Ernest, when Sir Edward, who was entertaining the Radfordian, said,

"By the bye, Eliot, Stoneyman knows something of your part of the north; he's been a tour there, he tells me!"

"Indeed?" I said, looking at Mr. S.

"Yes, I may say I have," he said, in a very hoarse, throaty voice. "At least I went to look after some mines I have there. Very pretty place, Newcastle!"

"Is it?" I said.

"Ah! you've not travelled, sir—but it is!"

"I may not have travelled much," I replied; "I think I know the Continent by heart, but really Newcastle never struck me as being anything but a smoky and disagreeable town!"

"Not at all, no, no—capital coal."

I bowed, thinking my new acquaintance had strange ideas of scenery, when he resumed, "Neat thing this Heywood, but I should build the house over again!"

Would you, I thought, you old Goth! Sir Edward looked horrified.

"Yes," the wretch went on, "these old places ain't good for much, like old families. I'm a new man, I am, Mr. Elliot, and made myself, sir—yes, sir!"

This was cool, certainly, in the face of a Heywood of Heywood, whose ancestors had fought with the Plantagenets. I felt very much nettled, and rather astonished the self-made man by saying, "I'm of an old family myself, sir, and I must say I don't agree with you at all."

"Never mind," he said, and I felt as if I could

have kicked him for his condescension, "you are but young yet, Mr. Elliot, and will change your opinions."

Sir Edward here came to the rescue, saying, "You'll find I think, Stoneyman, our friend Eliot has an old head on young shoulders, and is not given to change."

This finished the conversation, and the breakfast party broke up, Mr. Stoneyman retiring to the study to write letters on very blue paper, whilst Alice, Ernest, and myself, went out on to the lawn to play croquet.

## CHAPTER II.

We had a very pleasant game. Alice Heywood proved a most formidable opponent, and beat Ernest and myself mercilessly. Very soon Mr. Stoneyman, looking more solvent than ever, came out on to the lawn, and we proceeded to initiate him into the mysteries of the game. He had never played before, but would not admit it, and bungled so absurdly, that it required considerable self-restraint, whilst watching him—for to laugh at him would never have been forgiven. He said it was strange he could not play croquet, as all out-of-door amusements were easy to him: cricket, for instance, was his delight. As he said this I looked at him steadily and saw he was telling an absurd untruth, for he fidgetted a good deal and changed the subject.

Four or five days passed pleasantly enough at Heywood, and then visitors began to arrive, neighbouring families came to visit us—the young ladies great at croquet and fly-fishing, and arrayed in the most bewitching butterfly draperies imaginable. I rather liked all this gaiety, for it evidently aggravated my friend the cotton-spinner, who floundered about very much out of his element. One rather fast young lady confided to me she thought him an "old muff," a sentiment I entirely coincided in. Tom Heywood, the sailor, arrived, and coolly told his father in the smoking-room one evening he considered Stoneyman a "cad"—an outburst of feeling which completely upset the old gentleman. In fact things began to look very stormy for Mr. S., when an event occurred which made matters still worse.

Among the many excursions set on foot during these pleasant days was a picnic to the ruins of a hermit's cell, on an island in a small lake that lay some few miles to the west of Heywood; the lake, indeed, was little more than a large pond, and had originally been only fenny ground, but was now completely overrun by the water. The morning broke in unclouded splendour, and we set off, intending to lunch on the island—Mr. Stoneyman driving his future wife in a small pony-chaise, to the disgust of Ernest, who I could hear muttering to himself ejaculations in German by no means complimentary to the manufacturer. However, we were all stowed away in different vehicles, some of the gentlemen riding, and duly arrived at the place of rendezvous, where a couple of very rickety old boats were rocking gently on the quiet water. Here we embarked and paddled across to the island where preparations were already being made for our luncheon. The island was of some extent and very much overgrown by underwood, &c., with the ruins before mentioned in the centre. The party divided into groups and walked about exploring the place, till we were summoned by the strong voice of Lieut. Heywood to a place where the brushwood had been cleared away, and luncheon laid out. While seated on the ground in various picturesque attitudes, and occupied with the good things provided for us, Mr. Stoneyman was pleased to favour the company with a good deal of his conversation, and gave us his views, unasked, on innumerable subjects. He was as egotistical as usual, and, inspired by the situation, was very eulogistic about his feats in the water—swimming, &c., a subject uninteresting to his hearers, but curious when taken in connection with the occurrences I am about to relate.

After luncheon, Alice and one of her friends, together with Mr. Stoneyman, Ernest and myself, went on to the highest point we could find, a little hill that overhung the water, at one corner of the island. We seated ourselves by the edge, and laughed and chatted, throwing flowers and pebbles into the water, which was very still and deep just beneath us. There was some talk of returning to the rest of the party, when Alice, who had been leaning over the edge of the bank for a small flower, suddenly slipped, and with a wild shriek fell straight down into the water. For a moment we all stood horrified, when Ernest hastily kicking off his boots, taking off his coat and throwing away his hat, plunged into the water, and reappearing

almost immediately with Alice in his arms, with a few vigorous strokes bore her to land where the bank was lower. Her brother was standing near the spot, and proper measures being taken, she very soon revived, whilst the other girls crowded round with tears and congratulations.

But where was Mr. Stoneyman, while his Alice was hovering between life and death, and while Ernest London was nobly rescuing her? I must tell the shameful truth—the moment Alice fell into the water, Miss Carrington fainted, and would have also fallen over, had I not taken her up, and borne her away from the place; Mr. Stoneyman turned a very unhealthy yellow colour, and walked off in an opposite direction, as if he had not seen what had happened; he certainly had his back to us—when Alice fell in, but I saw him turn round at the splash, and then walk away. I had just finished giving an account of this little scene to Tom Heywood, when Mr. Stoneyman came up, and inquired what had happened; young Heywood's bitterly contemptuous look was nearly as insulting as a blow, and then he turned away making no reply. Stoneyman coloured up, repeated the question to a young lady near him, and her voluble account relieved him from his embarrassment. In the meantime, Alice and Miss Carrington had with Ernest reached the other side of the water, the rest of the party were soon ferried across, and we very shortly arrived at the Hall, where we found the whole household in a tremendous state of excitement on the arrival of Miss Heywood in her wet-clothes, carefully wrapped up, however, in carriage-rugs, &c. Ident. Heywood was, I heard, closeted with his father, and I hoped the interview boded no good to the cowardly suitor. I went upstairs to look after Ernest, who seemed to be exceedingly comfortable, with some hot brandy and water and a cigar; it was such warm weather, he said, that his ducking was only an extra bath, and would do him good. Beyond this remark he would say no more about his adventure, and we began to talk of other subjects; he would not let me speak of Mr. Stoneyman even, and I began to think that my friend, who was wont to confide everything to me, strangely changed; surely his love for Alice had not decreased, and yet here was her marriage-day approaching, and he was doing nothing to thwart this odious man from Radford. Nothing at least, that I knew of, but I felt certain some means of deliverance must be meditated, and that my friend was not going to stand quietly looking on, whilst his lady-love was given to Mr. Stoneyman in exchange for his ugly face, and enormous wealth. I determined to wait the issue of events, and the conversation in the smoking-room that same night will best explain how matters stood. There had been an ominous silence on the events of the day at dinner, every one seemed instinctively to avoid the subject; Mr. Stoneyman tried to converse with Sir Edward as usual, but it was easy to see that the baronet's courtesy was strained to the utmost during the conversation, and it soon ceased.

The evening ended at last, and Sir Edward, Tom Heywood, Ernest and myself were assembled in the smoking-room as usual, Mr. Stoneyman having walked off to bed. There was something very pleasant about these meetings; Sir Edward laughed and talked as gaily as the youngest of us, and used to get very confidential late in the evening. We were no sooner completely established, all puffing vigorously, when Tom Heywood started the conversation with "Well, Sir!"

Sir Edward looked startled, but he looked up at his son and said, "Well, Tom!"

"How long is this wretched engagement to go on. I will not stay here and see my sister sacrificed to a brute."

Ernest and I looked astonished at this outburst, as well we might; but Sir Edward said gently, and I fancied somewhat sadly,

"Tom, Tom, you speak too quickly; my word is pledged to Mr. Stoneyman, and a Heywood's word must not be broken."

"That's all very fine, father, but you'll break Alice's heart; you know whom she loves!"

Sir Edward glanced at Ernest, and then said, "And if I do, Tom, I can't help it now!"

"Well, Sir Edward," replied Tom, "all I can say is that if I can prevent this marriage I'll do so; and do you know, father, I don't think it would make you very angry if I succeeded."

The old gentleman shook his head, and repeated, "My word is pledged, Tom."

I ventured to say here, "I really think, Sir, that you dislike Mr. Stoneyman as much as we do."

"Ah, Eliot," said he, "you are all young, hasty lads, and can't guess my reasons, or you would have pity on me and not press me this way. My word is pledged."

"But," said Ernest, "who had hitherto sat perfectly quiet, 'if unforeseen circumstances should prevent the fulfilment of your promise, would the results be serious?'"

Sir Edward only repeated, "My word is pledged," and a glance of intelligence passed between Ernest and Tom. I felt satisfied that things would be all right in the end, and that sooner or later my friends would enlighten me as to the course they intended to pursue. It was evident Sir Edward was as opposed to the marriage at heart, as we were, and it was only his ideas of honour that made him persist in keeping faith with Stoneyman.

Soon after this the old gentleman bade us "good-night," and then I heard all the plans that had been devised for rescuing Alice from her fate; they had not told me before, hoping to settle everything first, but were unable to do so, and had come to me for advice. The plan they seemed most inclined to adopt was one of the wildest projects I ever heard of: it was no less than the forcible abduction of Mr. Stoneyman the night before the wedding, and coaxing Sir Edward to give his consent to letting everything go on as had been arranged, substituting Ernest as bridegroom. I saw this would be utterly futile. No one but a sailor, I told Tom, would ever have imagined so hare-brained a scheme. After considerable thought and much wild talk and speculation on the subject, we at last agreed upon the plan of operations, which was subsequently carried out, as the reader will hear, with perfect success. I must mention here that Redburn Church, where we intended the marriage on the 20th to be, was just two miles distant from the Hall. Heywood Church in which the Stoneyman-Heywood alliance was expected to take place was about the same distance from Heywood, and the road for a mile or rather more was the same, till at a well-wooded corner, with a pleasant stream and rustic bridge, the roads converged, and this point was to be the principal scene of action on the eventful day.

Preparations for the marriage were ever on the increase, an alarming number of young ladies to attend on the bride during the interesting ceremony were chosen, and to compare Ernest to the knight in the ballad, when the attendants came to know Mr. Stoneyman.

"The bridesmaids whispered 'twere better by far, To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

and indeed everyone who compared the two men must have thought the same. Sir Edward was in very bad spirits, and I fancy began to realise fully the way in which he was sacrificing his daughter. A scene in the stable-yard will assist the reader in understanding the progress of our plot at this time. Tom Heywood, Ernest, and myself were smoking a quiet weed one evening, and chatting with old Teddy March, the head groom, who was employed in a rather extraordinary manner in fitting a piece of sandstone into the foot of one of the carriage horses.

"Will that go in easily, Teddy?" said young Heywood, stooping down to inspect the foot.

"Yes, sir," replied Teddy, with a knowing grin on his face. "I shall be on the box myself, and slip it tight in enough to look the real thing."

"Very well, that will do famously," said Tom; and we left the stable-yard.

That same evening, I discovered Tom and Ernest in great glee, reading over a marriage licence, very much like one Mr. Stoneyman had brought, but which bore the name of Ernest London instead of John Stoneyman—a decided change for the better.

At length the morning arrived that was to witness the execution of our stratagem. Mr. Stoneyman was to meet the party at Heywood Church, about two miles distant, and we started from Heywood Hall.

Sir Edward got into the carriage with his daughter, looking far more funeral than as if he was going to a marriage, and drove off: a carriage containing only Tom, Ernest, and myself, by special arrangement, followed it closely. An unusual delay attended the rest of the party, for the well-drilled Heywood servants to be guilty of.

No sooner had the first carriage reached the cross-roads before spoken of, than Teddy, who was on the box with the coachman, gorgeously attired, got down to examine the foot of one of the horses which had apparently got a stone in it; our carriage drove up on

the other side, and as the stone seemed to defy all Teddy's efforts to extract it, Tom Heywood got out to assist him. It was of no use, and at last Sir Edward himself, impatient of delay, got out, but was detained by Teddy assuring him the stone was "just coming." Immediately the baronet left the carriage, the two doors next each other were opened, Alice was quickly transferred from one carriage to the other, and away we hurried up the opposite road, leaving Sir Edward in speechless astonishment to follow as best he could. He of course attempted to do so immediately, but on starting it was found that all the traces had been cut nearly through, Tom Heywood's work, whilst pretending to help Teddy, so pursuit was impossible. Indeed Teddy confidentially informed us afterwards that Sir Edward, although very much enraged at first, did not seem really so incensed as he pretended to be. Away we went at a rattling pace, to Redburn Church, where Ernest's college friend was waiting in full canonicals, and in half an hour from the time we left Sir Edward, Ernest and Alice were man and wife.

The ceremony over, we stopped in the curate's little house while Tom bravely drove over to Heywood to meet his father's wrath, and effect, if possible, a reconciliation.

I have told all when I say he came back with Sir Edward, and the breakfast at Heywood went off successfully—Sir Edward apparently hugely delighted at the turn affairs had taken.

I will draw a veil over Mr. Stoneyman's agonies. Suffice it to say, he hurried away after waiting some time in suspense at Heywood Church, rejecting the consolation offered by a young gentleman, who suggested that as the proper bride was not forthcoming he should choose one of the bridesmaids instead.

Years have passed since the events I have been narrating. Ernest is a prosperous man, with three little London noisy at his fireside. Alice looks prettier than ever as a demure young matron; and Tom Heywood and I, who are still bachelors, laugh heartily at any mention of The Bridal of Heywood.

HENRY CLARKE.

## ART ON THE CONTINENT.

[From our own Correspondents.]

### THE CARLSRUHE FESTIVAL.

Among the many ambulatory festivals now held in Germany are those of the Allgemeiner deutscher Musikverein, a society which, despite its claims to universality, represents exclusively the New German School, or, as many call them, the Futurists. This sect looks up to Wagner and Liszt as its representatives. Whether we agree with their views or not, they have had far too great an influence upon the present generation of German musicians to be ignored, or to be merely pooh-poohed with a supercilious shake of the head. No movement has ever been able to hold its ground for any time unless it had some atom of truth for its foundation. At one time a period of stagnation in music had threatened to become permanent; certain forms were stereotyped, out of which no one might venture. Among the first to rebel was Schumann: a man of undoubted genius, but from his mental idiosyncrasy, and from the absence of early training, unable to express clearly in a large and connected form the ideas labouring within him; he is one who exercises an extraordinary fascination upon those who can like him at all, but can neither permanently satisfy a healthy taste, nor be safely recommended as a model. Still more revolutionary are Wagner and Liszt. Grand as their ideas are at times, they are as giants struggling with mountains, which, though now and then forced to disclose gems of rare grace and splendour, more frequently fall in chaotic, hideous fragments—monuments of audacious attempts, and of power unskillfully applied by men who have in them the elements of Titans, but have not learnt how science doubles innate strength.

As is always the case, the followers are greater fanatics than the leaders. Because circumstances had prevented the pioneers from acquiring the mastery of the science of their art, therefore science and art were pedantry. Incoherent ravings were the poetic utterances of hearts suffering from *Weltschmerz*. Cheerfulness, grace, and clearness were unfitted for reformers, and could not express the ideas of the nineteenth century. Bach, Gluck, and Beethoven are the names by which they swear; but the science and clearness of the first and second are rarely to be found with them; and

the Beethoven they follow is not the great master whose unimpaired faculties enabled him to express whatever he would say, but the man oppressed by care and suffering, his life's sunshine overclouded, his mind morbidly irritable, his ear no more able to convey to him the actual sounds, and his judgment too much unstrung to perceive what could or could not find language in music. Heine said of a certain class of French writers, that they resembled the Eastern Princess, who, when about to be married, persuaded her father to issue a proclamation summoning all the ugly, deformed, and crippled to appear before her on a certain day, that she might select the ugliest for her future husband. Such is also too frequently the taste of the composers of the New School.

The Allgemeiner deutscher Musikverein have already held festivals in Leipzig and Weimar. This year they have chosen Carlsruhe, that most deadlively of German residences. No one would imagine that any festivity was going on; the streets are deserted as ever; no flags or garlands (which Germans so delight to display upon the slightest provocation) show that the inhabitants take the slightest interest in the proceedings; nor, it must be confessed, have the directors taken any especial trouble to induce strangers to attend the festival. Was it bitter irony, or was it want of self-knowledge, that caused Gluck's "*Armida*" to be fixed upon to open the festival? The beautiful clearness and the grand simplicity of this opera are in strange contrast with the creation of the New School. Although hardly to be reckoned among the greatest of Gluck's operas, "*Armida*" has many numbers which show the master in all his strength and grace. Where is anything more graceful, more charming, than the music of the second act; more intensely dramatic than the great scene with the *Spirit of Hate*; more touching than *Armida's* conflict with herself when trying to steel herself to kill *Rinaldo*? Some of the most striking numbers were cut out. But I have not space to enter into such details. Suffice it to say, that the opera was on the whole respectably given; but a thoroughly satisfactory rendering of Gluck's operas demands singers who can act, and actors who have been taught singing on better principles than are now to be acquired in German schools. The first orchestral concert, which, as all the other performances, was held in the Grand-Ducal Theatre, was opened by a "Festival March," by Herr Ed. Lassen, of Weimar. The work is insignificant, and entirely devoid of any festal character; even here the innate dreariness of the school made itself felt. A prologue, written by Dr. Eckardt, and spoken by Frau Johanna Lange, came next. It endeavoured to identify the direction of the New School with the German patriotic movement. It admitted that the works of the sect were not written to satisfy the taste of the day, but looked forward to a future when freedom would be established; and art, represented by the New School, would be purified of all trivialities, and take her fitting place in the State. Allusions to the titles of several of the compositions which were to be performed were ingeniously brought in, and the whole ended with a string of the most fulsome compliments to Dr. Liszt, who was characterised as the great prophet of the sect. The following was the programme of the concert:—Overture to Byron's poem, "*Tasso's Klage*," by Heinrich Strass, of Carlsruhe; concerto for violoncello, by R. Volkmann; "*Columbus*," symphony, 3rd and 4th movements, by Herr J. J. Abert, of Stuttgart; overture to Puschkin's drama, "*Doris Godunow*," by Herr Youry von Arnold, of St. Petersburg; Joachim's "*Hungarian*" concerto for the violin; "*Des Sängers Fluch*," ballade for orchestra (after Uhland's poem) by Herr Hans von Bülow, of Berlin; Psalm XIII., for tenor solo, chorus, and orchestra, by Dr. F. Liszt.

Herr Strauss's overture is too vague and obscure to leave any distinct impressions. Herr Popper, of the Hohenzollern-Hechingen Orchestra, at Löwenburg, played Volkmann's concerto. He has made most decided progress as a violoncellist since I heard him last winter in Leipzig. If he goes on thus, he will soon rank among the masters of his instrument. In addition to great technical acquirements he has real musical feeling. As a musical composition, the concerto has some good thoughts, though not altogether original; but the greatest fault is the dreary tone which prevails throughout. The two movements from Herr Abert's symphony were the most respectable music of the evening. Whether if the other movements had been given, the purport of the title of "*Columbus*" would have been clearer, I cannot say; at present I certainly do not see its appropriateness.

The third movement, an andante, sounds well throughout, and although possessing no decided originality, is so well made that it can be listened to with pleasure; a little more contrast, however, would have relieved its somewhat too great length. The last movement begins with more life, and is worked up to a really exciting close; but between the beginning and end there is an episode of strange sounds—the significance of which (unless it be to depict the roarings and howlings of wild beasts) is by no means clear. But with all drawbacks, the fragment was so enjoyable that I should be glad to hear the whole work. Herr Von Arnold's overture is terribly dreary; it is so fragmentary that no clear idea of its purport can be attained; the instrumentation seems very unskilful. Joachim's interesting "*Hungarian*" concerto, the noble themes of which grow upon one more and more, can never be heard to perfection unless it be played by its composer. Herr Reményi showed little respect either to his countryman or to his audience in the way in which he had prepared himself. The slow movement, indeed, was in some parts excellently given, but with this exception—by persistent falsity of intonation, and by slovenly execution of the passages, the player did his best to spoil the effect of the composition. And yet the applause which greeted him at the end, and the repeated recalls, could not have been more enthusiastic had the playing been perfection! Such indiscriminate applause makes applause of no value. The orchestral accompaniment was very satisfactory. Herr Von Bülow's ballade was the most ferociously ugly work of the programme; it really defies any attempt at description, unless one may say that it is incoherent cursing and swearing translated into orchestral sounds. Being so very ugly it was of course received with unbounded applause. Liszt's Psalm offered some compensation for the sufferings of the evening. As a whole it is deficient in melody, and the commencement especially is vague; but nowhere is the tone vulgar or commonplace. The final chorus, however, in which there is an excellent fugue, made amends for all; its construction is really masterly. The difficulties of the Psalm, especially the voice parts, are very great. That it was so well performed is a proof that the members of the chorus had worked hard in its preparation.

#### SEASIDE LIFE AT BOULOGNE.

We have had a sudden break in the weather, turning our gay into grave and our lively into severe with the rapidity only known at seaside resorts. Up to the beginning of September it was beautiful—not too hot, heavens bright, sea seductive; after that we have had episodes of rain and a certainty of chilling winds. Not to mention that the fishermen will not put to sea; but prefer drinking *vin ordinaire* and praying between-whiles to the crucifix on the top of the hill, to making our *déjeuners* and *dîners* a little more diversified than they are at present. This change of weather has knocked fashionable Boulogne altogether on the head. There is positively nothing for it but—1st, to remain indoors; 2nd, to be constantly in the sea; or 3rdly, to pay your fifty centimes for the day at the Etablissement des Bains de Mer. Now, I don't find Bolognian *appartements*, however *garnis et meublés* they may be, sufficiently attractive to induce me to stay in all day, reading Tauchnitz editions of English novels from Meridew's library, and listening to the clank of the *jalousies*; and one may have too much of salt-water bathing. Consequently the Etablissement, got up by the town, and under municipal control, is just one of those things that they manage better in France, and we cannot do at all in England. It is a large and magnificent mansion, surrounded with pleasure grounds, and containing a splendid concert and ball-room, capable of seating some 2000 people. Besides this *salon*, there are verandahs, corridors, and stairways leading to and connecting card rooms, billiard rooms, reading rooms, conservatories, drawing rooms, etc., which are all open to the fifty centimes visitor. Of course billiards and balls of an evening are charged extra, but you certainly are made free of a great deal of accommodation for your money. Here ladies read, lounge, practise their Chopin, and flirt; here the men of their party attempt cannons à la française, then give it up and read *Bell's Life* and the *Times*. All is conducted with the most rigorous good taste, and young ladies can go without any *chaperon* or big brother with the utmost safety. When the weather is good, promenade concerts are given in the gardens. I send you a specimen programme—well executed by the band of the 8th (Zouave) Bataillon de Chasseurs, stationed here:—Barcarolle;

Ouverture des "*Fées aux Roses*;" Aurora, valse; Fantaisie sur "*Don Pasquale*;" Polonaise. In addition to this *fanfare* concert, there is an indoor performance at the Etablissement, with a very respectable orchestra, under the direction of M. Clement-Martin. I send you another programme as a specimen:—Ouverture (A. Malo); Fragment de symphonie (Beethoven); "*L'Invitation à la Valse*" (Weber); Ouverture de "*L'Italienne d'Alger*" (Tassin); Polka pour piston (Legendre).

The balls at the Etablissement are also well managed—viz.: the *bal paré*, Fridays, admission three francs, and on the off-nights, when there are no concerts, little *soirées dansantes* when one gets a dance in one's own set without any attempt at splendour—which is all the more pleasant. The children's ball—which comes off now and again—is great fun, especially when there is a strong infusion of the French nursery. The miniature Monsieur and bijou Madame, their little graces and affectations, and above all their dress—(coming nearer those wonderful creations the Plates of the Fashions than anything else in creation I ever saw)—are charming, and worth coming to see. Leech could supplement and cap his juvenile bits from London drawing-rooms very well from the Etablissement.

There is a very fair vaudeville company at the theatre, which seems pretty well supported. It is an elegant and roomy building, with two tiers and a half of boxes, and a tier and a half of galleries above them. The furnishing of the stalls and boxes is costly, and the effect both artistic and comfortable. I should think that the theatre will hold as much money as the Lyceum. The shape is almost semi-circular, and is well adapted for seeing the stage. The favourite pieces this month have been "*La Station Chambaudet*," a smart repartee comedy in three acts, which would be villainously played and a total failure in England; but here, done by provincial actors with the natural tact and dramatic feeling of their country, is really amusing; the great "*Pauvres de Paris*;" and in opera (for, with immense pluck, the company, supplemented by a tenor and soprano, do opera too), "*Il Barbiere*" and "*Fra Diavolo*." The principal stars, to judge from the *annonces*, are M. Pascal, a light tenor, who makes use of his head voice a great deal too much, and is anxious to be a *tenore robusto*, but who compensates for his lyrical defects by intelligent acting, and Mlle. Périer, a *cece* soprano of no great ability, but who also covered a multitude of vocal sins by her pretty acting—especially in the "*Fra Diavolo*." The contralto, Mlle. Dumas, a young lady of good *personnel*, with the fluffiest of hair, is simply nobody, in a lyrical sense, and is quite inaudible through the orchestra. A M. Habay, a plethoric young baritone, is great fun. He has apparently seen Delle Sedie, and apes his manner, without knowing anything of the basis of his art. The operas, although reduced to vaudevilles with music, are nevertheless creditable to the theatre—well dressed, well arranged, supported by a fair chorus of 20 voices, and a really good orchestra (weak in the strings) of about the same number. It is interesting, during the performance of a smartly equivocated farce, to look round the boxes and watch the stolid faces of Messieurs les Anglais, whose French is slight, and contrast them with the appreciative grimace of the natives above and below.

I do not know a more tedious life than the prolonged convalescence supervening upon a severe illness. Especially when an active intellect, united to a body requiring and delighting in exercise, is kept in check by cautious physicians till nature is completely in power again. Thus the breezes swing the *jalousies* of a certain house on the Quai de la Douane here, suggesting boating excursions, and the sun sparkles in at the opening, suggesting I know not what rambles among the hills or on the shore; and I am sure no one would more indulge in the one or the other just now, if his doctor would let him, than your great composer Mr. Vincent Wallace. But he is slowly recovering from a very dangerous sickness, and the physicians will not let him either go out or write music yet. So for the next season, I suspect, your young English composers may go in and win without fear of the author of "*Maritana*" stepping in with an Armstrong gun of an opera that might fairly blow their chances of present representation to smithereens. Meanwhile, thanks to the affectionate care of all around him, and especially of Mrs. Wallace—one of the most charming of women—he is surely though slowly recovering. Almost all our English artists are from here ere now, although we have had a

good sprinkling this season. Adelina Patti is bathing here at present. She sang here at a concert lately, and was as usual, successful. "Elle est si gentille!" sigh the Boullonnaise ladies, who don't know much about singing, but can appreciate appearances amazingly.

#### THE PARIS OFF-SEASON.

The other day we were all startled to hear that the light-house keeper, at the end of the West-jetty, had found, at dawn of day, the body of a young man lying on the pier, and pierced by pistol shots. By his side lay two pistols discharged. At first it was supposed it had been a duel; and a certain pleasurable excitement was getting up as the reason, and the other man, and so forth, when all this speculation was quashed by the official intimation that it was clearly a suicide. Woman, lovely woman, was (of course) at the bottom of it. The deceased was from the arrondissement of St. Pol, and some girl fooled him. So he walked out to the extreme end of the Boulogne pier, and shot himself with two pistol bullets. Question if the demoiselle was worth the powder.

For the second time the Théâtre Lyrique tries to draw crowded houses by presenting to its public works of that immortal Italian maestro, Donizetti. It is now about ten years ago since the "Elisabeth" of the same maestro was represented, but without any success. The administration was then not so flourishing as it is now, the interpreters were not so well drilled as at present; in short, the management of that time was far from being that of M. Carvalho, who knows so well what suits the frequenters of his theatre. He had a lucky idea when he brought out "Don Pasquale." In the midst of Donizetti's successful career the théâtre Italien, after having witnessed his great success at the Grand Opera with "La Favorita," at once requested the maestro to write a new opera especially for them, and allowed him eight months after handing him the libretto; but the maestro required only a week, and indeed, with that prodigious facility which he always showed in writing his operas, sent in his work even before the time stipulated. But let me return to the Théâtre Lyrique. "Don Pasquale" has been a great success. It quite differs from the opera buffa as well as from the opera seria, those two genres of the Italian school, and may be said to form with "L'Elisir d'Amore" a peculiar genre, neither buffa nor seria, but, to borrow an expression of one of our eminent critics, "operas of a semi-character." The interpreters of "Don Pasquale" are M. Troy, formerly at the Opéra Comique, M. Ismael, and Mlle. de Maesen, the sister of the young lady of the same name, who made such a successful début in the *Countess Ory* at the Grand Opera some weeks ago. Mlle. de Maesen, although not such an accomplished artist as were Grisi, Persiani, Sontag, and Adelina Patti, who gave the part of *Dromio* such great éclat in an Italian dress, deserves, nevertheless, the greatest praise for this important creation. She at several points created so much sensation that the whole house resounded with the thunders of frantic applause, and the brightest career may be foretold to this young cantatrice. M. Troy, in the important part of the *Doctor*, has shown himself in quite a different style, of which he had no opportunity at the Opéra Comique. The duet, which he renders with so much taste with M. Ismael, is encored every evening. The Italian school is decidedly the best suited for his means, and after this creation of *Don Pasquale* there is but one step to the Théâtre Ventadour.

The beautiful waltz for soprano, so delightfully rendered by Mlle. de Maesen, and the famous quartet of the second act excited the greatest enthusiasm among the whole audience. The charming serenade, too, was very well received. In short, *Don Pasquale* is a decided success, and will doubtless have many representations. The orchestra, under the able direction of M. Deloffre, also deserve much praise, and the performance altogether was admirably rendered. On the same evening a new work in one act, entitled "L'Alcade," was also performed, but libretto and music were so poor and without any interest that it did not even reach a second representation. "Faust" is announced with Madame Carvalho, MM. Michard, Petit, and Lutz in the chief parts. Benedict's "Rose of Erin" is to make its appearance before the end of November. At the grand opera Mlle. Saunier, who several years ago made a successful début, made her entrée in "La Favorita" a few days ago. She is a very powerful contralto, and promises very much.

The Opéra Comique always lives upon revivals—

for to-day "Lara" is on the playbills, and "L'Eclair" is also announced. The Théâtre Italien is to open, as already stated in a former letter, on the first of October. The opera to be performed on that day will be "La Sonnambula," with the charming Adelina Patti and Signor Corsi. On the same evening, M. Bagier will present his audience with a ballet in an Italian style, "Aci e Galatea," by the choregraphist Costa. The stars of the ballet are to be Mesdames Ernestine Urban, Greder, Merante, and M. Costa. M. Bosain, the new musical conductor, engaged by M. Bagier, is not a novice in his important functions; he has held for many years the bâton at the important theatre of La Fenice at Venice, where, under his direction, were studied and brought out for the first time in Italy, Meyerbeer's "Huguenots," "Prophète," Verdi's "Traviata," "Rigoletto," and others. The copyrights of the four new works to be produced this season, viz., "La forza del Destino" (Verdi), "Leonora" (Mercadante), "Don Baccifolo" (Cognoni), and "Crispin de la Camare" (Ricci), have been bought by MM. Escudier. Mlle. Adelina Patti, before beginning the season at the Salle Ventadour, is to give four representations at Lyons, where she will sing in "Lucia," "Barbiere," and "Traviata." A new comedy, "La Volonté," by T. Dubois, has been represented at the Théâtre Français. The piece is quite different from the other dramas just brought out at the Gaité, the Ambigu, and the Porte St. Martin. It has neither murder nor suicide, neither poison nor dagger, but is a piece full of sensible poetry instead of the slang of the prisons and the galleys. The subject is founded upon the old proverb, "qui veut, peut!" and Mr. Dubois intends to show, that by determination a man may obtain objects which appear far beyond his reach, and that love will teach even the most ignorant to gain the object of his choice. The following is a short description of the plot:—A young man, Philippe, has seen the daughter of a rich banker, and urged on by her beauty and his thirst for wealth, he obtains from her cousin Marcel an introduction to her father, M. Lacroix, who has a vacancy for a head clerk. The first questions put to the youth are, Can you speak English and German? Can you keep books? to which he is compelled to answer in the negative—upon which M. Lacroix politely tells him that he can do nothing for him until he is master of the necessary qualifications for a house of business. Philippe is not dismayed, but sets about the task of mastering these difficulties, and such is his *Volonté*, that at the end of a year he is enabled to present himself at the banker's house. He is immediately installed, and exhibits so much ability that he quickly gains the good opinion of M. Lacroix, who has but one objection to his marriage with his daughter Laura, and that is, that she was promised in her earlier days to her cousin Marcel, for whom she has formed an attachment. Philippe, however, is determined to persevere in his suit to Laura, and waits with patience the coming on of time which favours him; for Marcel is a spendthrift, a gambler, and has followed his former mistress to Baden, where, tempted by the *table de jeu*, he loses everything he possesses, and is plunged into the deepest misery, from which he is rescued by Philippe. The conduct of this latter young man so charms Laura that she yields up her heart to him; gratitude leads Marcel to give up all pretension to the lady and he is induced to marry a friend of Laura's, a poor relation, who has during the whole of Marcel's wild career entertained a silent affection for him; Philippe marries Laura, and becomes the partner of his father-in-law. Upon this simple and rather "goody" story is founded a lively comedy; it is pleasant and amusing throughout, and nothing in it is exaggerated. Maubant, as the old banker, is, as usual, correct and impressive; a young débutant, M. Sénéchal, gained his first laurels, and Mlle. Marie Royer, with her usual grace and sensibility, gave a charm to the character of Laura, and Mlle. Ponsin deserves much praise for the admirable rendering of the somewhat unpretending rôle allotted to her as the fair cousin of the rich banker's daughter.

M. Fétis is now, according to Meyerbeer's will, installed at the Opéra House. The furniture has been supplied by the Imperial Garde Meuble. M. Naudin, it is rumoured, will not sing at the Italian Opera, and M. Bagier has engaged in his place a Signor Brignoli, just imported from America. M. Naudin is said to be engaged by M. Perrin for three years, and is to receive 10,000 francs a month; but there is so much talk about this "Africaine" matter, that really one does not know what to believe. *Qui vivra, verra!*

## The Country House.

#### THE BOUDOIR.

We subjoin the prevailing fashions, for which we are indebted to *Le Follet*:—With the approach of autumn, we notice a decided tendency among ladies to adopt striking colours. Red, we observe, is an especial favourite, and predominates in all articles of dress; being worn in *toilettes*, petticoats, *vestes*, for the embroidery on stockings, and for the trimming on hats. One of the latest novelties is a *paletôt* without sleeves. The dress-sleeve passes through the arm-holes, round which is placed either a trimming of lace, a *passementerie* with bead fringe, or, what is more generally worn, a long Llama fringe. We were much pleased with a very charming burnous called "*la fille de désert*," made in a new material, which, although stout, is still light, in two shades, lilac and white, with lilac tassels falling over a border of white fur, and lined with silk. For the sea-side, where the evenings are often cool, this burnous is very well adapted. A coat made of white velvet cloth with black stitching and pockets, is both stylish and comfortable. In lace, the burnous in *Yak*, and the Llama point, or *Chantilly rotonde*, are most in favour; but for full *toilette* a *paletôt* in white *poult de soie* trimmed with a flounce of Brussels point about seven inches wide, with a crimped fringe falling over it, and *brandbourgs* of thick silk loops, fastened by hanging buttons of filigree silver down the front, is decidedly the most elegant. The *basque-habit*, or *garde Française*, is often worn in the country, but is not much patronised as yet in Paris. It is more becoming to slight figures, but the ends should never reach lower than a third of the length of the skirt. There not being present much novelty in materials for dresses, we at once proceed to our list of details. A dress of drab alpaca, trimmed with three bias pieces of corn-blue *taffetas*, headed by black braiding, and at the bottom a narrow flounce edged with blue, is very effective. *Casaque* of the same, with a frill round the arm-holes and at the bottom of the sleeves, complete the costume. A dress of white alpaca: the bottom of the skirt cut in wide festoons, edged with a narrow China-blue *taffetas* ribbon. About six or seven inches higher up, is a *ruche* of alpaca, edged with blue; and beneath it a wide ribbon is placed, flat, and rounded at the ends, and so arranged that each one finishes off in the middle of a festoon. This forms a very pretty trimming, which can be carried out effectively in corn-blue or black, on a drab or salmon-coloured dress. A *Chambéry* gauze dress with a *mauve* design on it, trimmed with three *ruches* of the same put on waved at the bottom of the skirt, is very pleasing to the eye. A robe of sea-green *taffetas*, with a band of white *taffetas* at the bottom, bordered on each side by a green *ruche*, with stripes of braiding crossing it—body with *basques* behind, trimmed to match—pleased us with its general appearance. A dress of white alpaca: at the bottom of the skirt, two narrow festoon flounces edged with red, crossed at each breadth by a band of alpaca very narrow at the waist, where it commences, but increases in width as it descends, and also edged with red, and ornamented all the way down with mother-of-pearl buttons. The small *veste* to match, made in the Turkish form, and opened over a red waistcoat. A mouse-drab *leno* dress, with three insertions of lace placed over blue, and put on in arabesques round the bottom of the skirt. The *corsage*—a veritable *garde Française*—turned back with blue, and worn over a lace *chemisette*. A robe of silver-drab *leno*, with a very wide skirt cut on the bias, and trimmed with light green *taffetas* cut in large festoons, with a narrow flounce of *leno*, bordered with a bias of green *taffetas* about two inches wide round each festoon. A *corsage Directoire* open on the chest, and with very narrow sleeves à *coude*. A sash of green *taffetas*, fringed, and tied at the side. A white *foulard* dress, trimmed near the bottom of the skirt with a *chicorée* of pink *taffetas* and narrow black lace. All round the skirt are placed *lozenge*-shaped trimmings made of pink *taffetas*, bordered by a *Chantilly* insertion. The body is low, and is made with a round waist, cut square at the top, and trimmed with buttons of pink coral. A robe of bright green *Chambéry* gauze, trimmed with a flounce of English point headed by a rich cord of white and green silk, which is continued up the seams of the skirt. Low body, with *fichu* and short sleeves of English point. A robe of pink *Chambéry* gauze, with fifteen narrow flounces of white gauze, bordered with a crimped white and pink fringe. Low body, laced behind, and a

band of white silk and mother-of-pearl buckle. Half-long sleeves, trimmed with narrow frills and fringe. A light brown foulard; the skirt trimmed with a blue silk fringe edging a wide *cachemire galon* with blue border, put on in festoons. Half-low body. Sleeves tight, but opened up to the elbow, and trimmed with a fringe and *cachemire galon*. *Corsage-habit* matching the skirt. A dress of white *taffetas*, covered with blue *tulle*, which is caught up above the hem by *pattes* of white *taffetas*, surrounded by *passementerie* and blue cord, which are continued up each breadth as high as the sash. The body is pointed at front and behind, and has a drapery of *tulle* and *taffetas*. The sleeves are made of *tulle bouillonné*. An under skirt of white *taffetas*, with wide blue watered stripes, and festooned round the bottom. The second skirt—made of white spotted alpaca—is shorter, opened up the front, and trimmed lengthways, up each side, with a bias of blue watered *taffetas*, and oblong buttons of mother-of-pearl. The body and sleeves to match. A *toilette* of white *Chambéry* gauze, over rose; at the bottom, a flounce set on in large flat plaits, with a heading bound on each edge with rose-coloured ribbon. The body is a *basque-habit*, trimmed with frills to match. The sleeves half tight, with frills at the shoulders and wrists. The front of the body is fastened with figured gold buttons. An Indian muslin dress, white ground, with a pattern running round over it of pink poppies and green leaves, worn over a skirt of white *taffetas*. Round the bottom are seven plaited flounces, waved; the body round, and frills put in the Spanish *veste* style. With this dress is worn a thick silk band, with a gold and enamel buckle. The sleeves are long, opened at the wrists, and trimmed with frills.

The bonnets, which are still decreasing in size, are nevertheless very graceful, particularly so when made of light materials, such as *tulle*, *blonde*, and flowers; and, although hats are now worn even in Paris, the former are still preferred for visits of ceremony, concerts, &c., even at the sea-side. We will describe some of the newest of each kind for the benefit of our readers. A *capote*, the front of rice straw, with soft falling crown of *tulle*, covered with drops of dew. At the side, folds of *tulle Malines*, in which is placed a bunch of small rose-buds covered with dew-drops. The same trimming is placed inside. White ribbon strings. A *capote* of pink crape drawn lengthways, trimmed with wreaths of small leaves in *Chantilly*. At the side, a long branch of pink foxgloves, the leaves of which cover the greater part of the crown. A bow of black ribbon is substituted for the curtain. A *capote* of white *tulle*, trimmed with fine drawings of blue velvet, covered with a plait of white straw. Over the crown a *fanchon* of soft *tulle* and *blonde*, on which falls a tuft of heath mixed with *bouclettes* of blue *chenille*. A bonnet of white *tulle*: the edge *bouillonné*: the front completely covered with *clochettes* of lilac gauze, very light and full. A very narrow frill of *blonde*, trimmed with *bouclettes* of ribbon, replaces the curtain. Strings of white ribbon; small flowers and *tulle* inside. A rice-straw bonnet, trimmed at the side with a bunch of cherries and foliage; the crown of *tulle*, with straps of rice-straw. The curtain is merely a *rouleau* of silk and *tulle*. A light trimming of *tulle* and feathers inside. A bonnet of jonquil-coloured crape, worked with jet. A *bouillonné* of the same both inside and outside the front-edge, and the inside finished with a *ponceau* poppy. A *bouquet* of the same flower is placed on the left side. A *bouillon* of *tulle* instead of a curtain. Strings to match the crape. A bonnet of black crinoline, entirely covered with black lace and fuchsias, and the lace lined with coloured ribbon.

The chapeau *Impérial* has a low crown and a flat border, lined with black velvet. A strap of the same material round the crown, covered with a wreath of ivy falling in a bow, and long ends behind. A bunch of ivy in front, with a white *aigrette*. The jockey hat in Leghorn, lined with black velvet, and trimmed with maize-coloured ribbon. A tuft of honeysuckle in front, from which falls a long black feather. The *casquette Parisienne*, lined with green velvet, and edged with blue velvet. A wreath of peacock's feathers round the crown, and a small lace veil tied behind, completes the trimming. A Scotch hat of black crinoline, trimmed with a long white feather, falling across the crown on to a bow of black ribbon at the back. The *toque Ecossaise*, the *toque Russe*, and the *Tyrolienne*, are just now the favourite styles; but the *casquette Amiral*, the jockey *casquette*, and the *casquette Troubadour*, are much worn.

## THE LIBRARY.

It had long been intended by the widow of Winthrop Mackworth Praed, the talented author and statesman, to publish a complete edition of his works, but her death prevented for some time the carrying out of the object. It has at last been effected by his two daughters, assisted by the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, who has written an elaborate memoir, and by other friends of the deceased author. The author's school and university life was distinguished by the brilliancy and power of his poetical effusions, many of which are given in the second volume. After leaving the university he was called to the bar in the Middle Temple, and joined the Norfolk Circuit, and shortly afterwards he went to Parliament. His success was gradual yet decided; but he overworked himself, consumption set in, and he died in the year 1839, at the age of 37 years. Most of his literary work was in the shape of contributions to magazines of the day. They are now admirably collected and classified, as "Tales," "Poems of love and fancy," "Miscellaneous," "Poems of life and manners," "Poems written in early youth," "Prize poems, translations, and epigrams," "Songs," and "Charades and enigmas." "Lillian" is a very pretty fairy story, intended to solve the riddle—

"A dragon's tail is flayed to warm  
A headless maiden's heart."

A maiden has been condemned by a malignant fairy to idioy—

"Till she shall ride with a fearless face  
On a living dragon's scale,  
And fondly clasp to her heart's embrace  
A living dragon's tail."

By the valour of a Knight of King Arthur's Round Table the spell is broken. The description of the maiden's awakening to reason is particularly happy:—

Gone to the spell that bound her!  
The talisman hath touched her heart,  
And she leaps with a fearful and fawn-like start  
As the shades of glamoury depart;  
Strange thoughts are glimmering around her;  
Deeper and deeper her cheek is glowing,  
Quicker and quicker her breath is flowing,  
And her eye gleams out from its long dark lashes  
Fast and full unnatural flashes;  
For hurriedly and wild  
Doth Reason pour her hidden treasures,  
Of human griefs, and human pleasures,  
Upon her new-found child.  
And "Oh!" she saith, "my spirit doth seem  
To have risen to-day from a pleasant dream;  
A long, long dream! but I feel it breaking;  
Painfully sweet is the throb of waking;  
And then she laughed, and wept again;  
While, gazing on her heart's first rain,  
Bound in his turn by a magic chain,  
The silent youth stood there;  
Never had either been so blest;  
You that are young may picture the rest,  
You that are young and fair."

"Gog" is another tale of King Arthur. "The troubadour," "The legend of the haunted tree," "The Bridal of Belmont," "The legend of Teufel-haus," "The Red Fisherman," and "Lillian's Love," are all remarkable for the easy flow of rhythm, finished description, and quiet satire. The following may be taken as a fair specimen of the smaller pieces:—

## SKETCH OF A YOUNG LADY, FIVE MONTHS OLD.

My pretty, budding, breathing flower,  
Methinks, if I to-morrow  
Could manage, just for half-an-hour,  
Sir Joshua's brush to borrow,  
I might immortalize a few  
Of all the myriad graces  
Which Time, while yet they all are new,  
With newer still replaces.

I'd paint, my child, your deep blue eyes,  
Their quick and earnest flashes;  
I'd paint the fringe that round them lies,  
The fringe of long dark lashes;  
I'd draw with most fastidious care  
One eyebrow, then the other,  
And that fair forehead, broad and fair,  
The forehead of your mother.

I'd oft retouch the dimpled cheek  
Where health in sunshine dances;  
And oft the pouting lips, where speak  
A thousand voiceless fancies;  
And the soft neck would keep me long  
The neck, more smooth and snowy  
Than ever yet in schoolboy's song  
Had Caroline or Chloë.

Nor less on those twin rounded arms  
My new-found skill would linger,  
Nor less upon the rosy charms  
Of every tiny finger;  
Nor slight the small feet, little one,  
So prematurely clever,  
That, though they neither walk nor run,  
I think they'd jump for ever.

But then your odd endearing ways—  
What study e'er could catch them?  
Your aimless gestures, endless plays—  
What canvases ere could match them?  
Your lively leap of merriment,  
Your murmur of petition,  
Your serious silence of content,  
Your laugh of recognition.

Here were a puzzling toil indeed,  
For Art's most fine creations;  
Grow on, sweet baby; we will need  
To note your transformations.  
No picture of your form or face,  
Your waking or your sleeping,  
But that which Love shall daily trace,  
And trust to Memory's keeping.

Hereafter when revolving years  
Have made you tall and twenty,  
And brought you blended hopes and fears,  
And sighs and slaves in plenty,  
May these who watch our little saint  
Among her tasks and duties,  
Feel all her virtues hard to paint,  
As now we deem her beauties.

The poems of life and manners are in themselves sufficient evidence of the author's genius. Here his power of portraying character, his wit, and his keen sarcasm, shine out more prominently. The following sketch of a county member in "the County Ball" will apply with some force to a prominent statesman, though not "a county member" of our day.

Since first he longed to represent  
His fellow-men in Parliament,  
Courtied the cobblers and their spouses,  
And sought his honour in mud houses,  
Full thirty springs have come and fled;  
And though from off his shining head  
The twin destroyers, Time and Care,  
Begin to pluck its fading hair,  
Yet where it grew, and where it grows,  
Lie powder's never-varying snows,  
And bide the havoc years have made  
In kind monotony of shade.

Sir Paul is young in all but years;  
And, when his courteous face appears,  
The maiden wall-flowers of the room  
Admire the freshness of his bloom,  
Hint that his face has made him vain,  
And vow "he grows a boy again,"  
And giddy girls of gay fifteen  
Mimic his manner and his mien;  
And when the supple politician  
Bestows his bow of recognition,  
Or forces on th' averted ear  
The flattery it affects to fear,  
They look and laugh behind the fan,  
And dub Sir Paul "the young old man."

Look! as he paces round, he greets  
With nod and simper all he meets:—  
"Ah, ah! your Lordship! is it you?  
Still slave to beauty and *beaux yeux*?  
Well, well! and how's the gout, my Lord!—  
My dear Sir Charles, upon my word,  
*L'air de Paris*, since last I knew you,  
Has been Medea's cauldron to you."

The prize poems, &c., though far above the average efforts of youthful composers, necessarily bear the evidences of a youthful and immature mind. They may, however, be read with interest, as indicating the gradually developing power of a distinguished poet. The charades and enigmas are witty and amusing.

## THE DRAWING ROOM.

At this season of the year the drawing-room, strictly so called—that is to say, the stately suite of town use—is in reality closed against us, its furniture swathed in mummy cloths, its chandeliers obscured in gauze, its Erard locked, its echoes silent of song or gossip. But if anything could be more productive than another of conversation amongst ladies fair, and wake the echoes of the drawing-room, it would be the following delicious love story that cometh to us fresh from Vienna:—

A new species of the truly inexhaustible genus of matrimonial suits has recently turned up in a case tried and decided in Vienna. In the house of one Herr Khune, a teacher of languages, Dr. Kant, a young

lawyer, happened to make the acquaintance of a lady, burdened with some property and thirty years. The lady being unmarried, evinced particular interest in the young, shy, and rather abashed man of law. She talked a great deal with him in company, preferred him in the dance, and ended with inviting him to her house. Dr. Kant, who, as the unhappy lover of another girl, was not particularly inclined to pay visits, at first did not comply with the courteous request of the fair lady, but seeing her again at a friend's, and her invitation being repeated, at length allowed himself to become an habitué of her and her mother's hospitable house. It appears that the lady waited in vain for several months for him to "pop the question;" until at length, getting weary of his melancholy mien and indescribable reserve, she resolved to open a way for her retiring Adonis to propose, or retreat for ever. One evening when the doctor, according to his wont, was sitting opposite her tabouret, conversation—accidentally, of course—turned on marriage and the happiness of harmonising souls. Dr. Kant pictured the fetters of Hymen in rosy colours; the face of the lady brightened, and with a palpitating heart she put the question: "With your favourable idea of matrimony may I ask if you ever thought of marrying yourself?" Dr. Kant sighed, and, his eyes resting on the ground, hesitatingly muttered in reply: "I have already thought of marrying, and made my choice, but—" "But?" the lady hastily interposed. "But," he continued, "the lady is rich, very rich, and I am poor. I am afraid I can hardly aspire to her hand, and rather than allow myself to be taxed with sordid designs, I will bury my passion in my breast, and leave it unavowed for ever." A short pause ensued. Both parties were embarrassed, and the doctor rose to take his hat, and leave the lady at an unusually early hour. Miss Martini bade good evening in a friendly and cordial way, without, however, adding another word on the subject of their conversation. At an early hour of the following day she, however, betook herself to a solicitor, and, in legal form, declared her wish to present and hand over as his sole property the sum of 150,000 gueldern (15,000*l.*) to Dr. Kant. When the document had been signed, countersigned, and duly completed, she sat down in the office, and enclosing it in an elegant envelope, added a note to the following effect:—

Dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in enclosing a paper which I hope will remove the obstacle in the way of your marriage.—Believe me, &c. ALICE MARTINI.

Dr. Kant, for he and no other was the addressed, was the happiest man in the world on receiving this generous epistle. But alas! that he should have put a different construction on it to that expected. Repairing at once to the parents of Fraulein Fischel, the lady of his love, he proposed for and received the hand of a girl who had long been flattered by his delicate, though unavowed attentions. His reply to Alice Martini, besides conveying his sincerest thanks, contained two cartes-de-visite, linked together by the significant rose-coloured ribbon. Miss Martini forthwith sued the happy bridegroom for restitution; but, as no promise of marriage had been made, the case was, by two successive courts, decided against her.

This month we present our readers with a very beautiful air by our musical editor, Mr. Vincent Wallace. It lies for any voice, and if sung with expression must prove a favourite everywhere. Next month we shall issue a pianoforte piece by the gifted Robert Schumann, whose works are now attracting so much attention here and abroad. The piece we have selected is entitled "ARABESQUES," and is singularly elegant and original. We append some of the new publications of the month; which, however, has been a dull one for the musical houses.

## VOCAL.

"The Sleeping Queen,"—Ballet:—  
Aria, "The Prime Minister" Pandango, "Pablo the lover," in G minor  
Duet, "I crave a boon" Serenade, "The nocturnal dream," in E  
Trio, "She is heartless" Ditto, in D  
Ballad, "Only a ribbon"  
Duet, "The Treaty" Trio, "Most awful sight"  
Pandango, "Pablo, the Bolero, "On bended knee"  
lover," in A minor Quartet, "Fondly I dreamed."

## PIANOFORTE.

Caprice March ..... Charles Inwards.  
Confusion Galop ..... H. de Villiers.

## CHARADES.

## I.

Held high in the grasp of the tyrannous wave,  
Loud shrieking for help, though no mortal can save,  
I throw the brave sailor, ere death dims his eye,  
Sighs in vain for my first, whilst the winds make reply.

Two lovers were standing one fine summer night  
By the side of a wood, and the stars glistened bright,  
Whilst over my second they whispered what now  
Is remembered when winters have furrowed each brow.

In the green meadow pathway I pause as I pass,  
For down where the daisies lie hid in the grass  
I hear a strange sound, and I start in a fright,  
For my whole, like a ghost, breaks the silence of night.

## II.

Snugly close the crimson curtains,  
Draw your chairs in, pass the wine;  
On my first the lamplight sparkles,  
While the crystal goblets shine.

Silence in the dreary chambers,  
As the lawyer stoops his head;  
O'er my second bending ever,  
Traced by fingers long since dead.

Fairy fingers writing swiftly  
As the maiden's thoughts run on;  
In my whole the scented paper  
Rests until the task is done.

## III.

The peaches in the autumn sun  
Are growing faintly red,  
The fair auricles each one  
Are brave upon the bed.

My first the opening flowerets find  
A welcome shelter from the wind.

The lamps are lighted, and each face  
Looks stern and wan with care;  
A crowd of angry eager men!  
And say what do they there!

The gambler's evil trade they ply,  
My second greet with joyful cry.  
Where lightly dance the silver waves  
Upon the Gallic strand,  
And maidens with sea-shining hair  
Are merry on the sand,  
My whole with strangest melody  
Rivals the music of the sea.

## CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a washerwoman a very inconsistent party? Because she puts out her buckets to catch soft water when it's raining hard, and though she goes to bed a woman she gets up fine linen.

What vegetable is Mr. Falconer's celebrated Irish drama like? Why, not a Pea-pod, eh?

When may people be said to devour music? When they have a Piano For-te.

What is the difference between a coxcomb and a donkey's tail? The one is the end of an ass and the other no end of an ass.

What group of islands does the deck of a Channel steamer on a rough day remind you of? Why, the Cyc-lades, of course.

What verse of Scripture is destructive of domestic economy? That which speaks of 'ewers of wood and drawers of water.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES, &amp;c., IN OUR LAST.

ENIGMA, "Ashes." CHARADES.—I. "Son-net;" II. "Par-a-sol;" III. "Pat-ti;" IV. "Cap-rice."

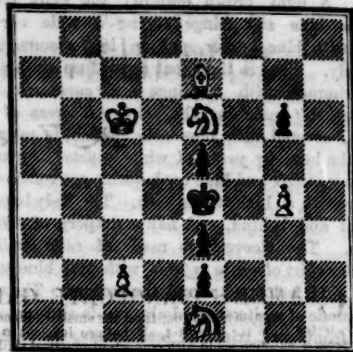
The following answer all:—Helen Armstrong (Manchester); Bumpstiltakin; Veritas; Louis Deveroux.

CHARADES.—All: Amicus, Boreas, P. L. W.; Aliquis; Bertha; R. O.; Emma J.; Thermidor. Three: Annie Jameson; A. B.; Marino Faliero; G. M. H. (Blockley); Quixote; Cenerentola; Pittens. Two: Frederick B.; Monsieur Tonson; Jemima; Pau-puk-beewis; Neptune; Maryanne Fairfield; Juno; R. S. V. P.; One: In Vino Veritas; Cora Lynn; Maritana; Longjumeau; Tooral; Deutsch; Donald McDonald McPherson; Peter; B. A.; Fisher (Paddington); Mede and Persian; Mummums; De Steps; Phoebe.

ENIGMA.—Cora Lynn; Jemima; Willing Barkis; E. L. B. B. Lytton; Gentle; Cochin; R. S. T.; John Charles; Wee Monkey; Walker; Bates (Pimlico); J. T. (Clapton); Bishop; R. Sturdy; De Omnibus Rebus.

## CHESS.—PROBLEM III.

## BLACK.



## WHITE.

White to play, and mate in 4 moves.

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4.	Ditto five stops .. .. .	14	14	0
5.	Ditto seven stops .. .. .	19	19	0
6.	Ditto nine stops .. .. .	22	15	0
7.	Ditto eleven stops .. .. .	26	15	0
8.	Ditto thirteen stops and knee action .. .. .	34	15	0
9.	Ditto fifteen stops and knee action .. .. .	43	0	0
10.	Ditto seventeen stops and knee action .. .. .	50	0	0
WITH PERCUSSION.				
11.	Ditto nine stops .. .. .	29	10	0
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13.	Ditto seventeen stops and knee action .. .. .	40	0	0
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I trow the brave sailor, ere death dims his eye,  
Sighs in vain for my first, whilst the winds make reply.  
Two lovers were standing one fine summer night  
By the side of a wood, and the stars glistened bright,  
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In the green meadow pathway I pause as I pass,  
For down where the daisies lie hid in the grass  
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For my whole, like a ghost, breaks the silence of night.

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Snugly close the crimson curtains,  
Draw your chairs in, pass the wine;  
On my first the lamplight sparkles,  
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Silence in the dreary chambers,  
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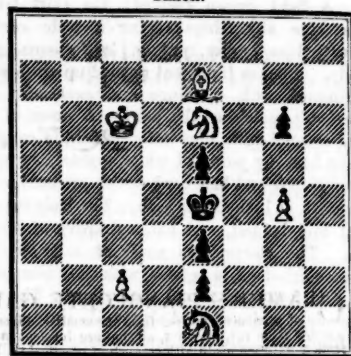
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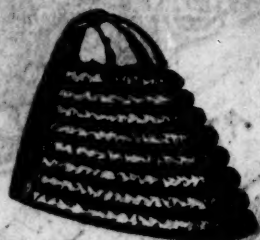
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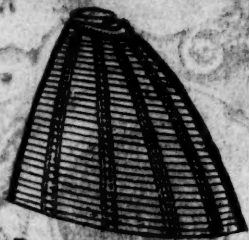
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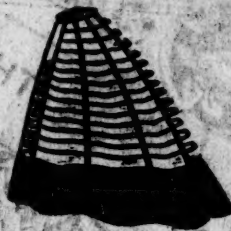
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